The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 29, 1887. PRICE FIVE CENTS

WE ARE

NOW SHOWING

—THE—

BEST LINE

——OF——

Dress Trimmings

—TO BE FOUND—

IN THE CITY!

ALL NEW THINGS.

GEORGE DEWALD

& CO.

Cor. Calhoun & Columbia

IN THE

WILLIAMS' ADDITION,

South of Creighton avenue, the following streets: Harrison, Webster, Taber and Suttenfield, are 60 feet in width and are "parked," as is customary in many other cities east and west. With the regular six feet walk, nine feet more are taken from the street, fifteen feet on each side, for grass plat and trees. This is called "parking" the street. Which still remains amply wide for carriages and wagons. Where streets are thus "parked" fences are usually considered a superfluous expense and the roadway is more easily kept rounded up in good condition for driving.

JOHN

ROGERS'

GROUP of

STATUARY.

These celebrated groups have a world wide reputation. We have cuts of the entire line. They make very handsome wedding and holiday gifts.

We can furnish any of the series at prices lower than they can be had in the largest cities. Selections will, however, have to be made fully two weeks in advance.

The Subjects are:

Romeo and Juliet, The Elder's Daughter, Coming to the Parson, Checkers up at the Farm, The Charity Patient, A Matter of Opinion, School Days, The Referee, The Peddler at the Fair, The Favored Scholar, The Balcony, The Foundling, The Photograph, The Traveling Magician, We Boys, A Frolic at the Old Homestead, The Wrestlers, It is so Nominated in the Bond, Fetching the Doctor, Going for the Cows, Rip Van Winkle on the Mountain, Rip Van Winkle at Home, Rip Van Winkle Returned, The Wounded Scout, Taking the Oath, The Fugitive's Story, Private Theatricals, The Tap on the Window, Playing Doctor, Weighing the Baby, King Lear and Cordelia, Hide and Seek, Why Don't You Speak for Yourself, Neighboring Pews, The Council of War, Polo, Parting Promises, etc., etc.

These groups make very handsome front window pieces, or help to furnish a corner in your parlor nicely. In the east scarcely a well furnished house is found where one or more of these artistic groups are not present.

Prices range from $8 to $20.

Come in and look the subjects over.

We make a Specialty of Birth day Wedding and Holiday Presents.

FOSTER

Furniture and Carpet Company, Fort

Wayne Lafayette and Terre Haute.

Very Latest by Telegraph.

FOUR O'CLOCK P. M.

AN EDITOR SHOT!

W. H. Reynolds, Editor of the Ashland Times, Shot and Killed by James Mason This Morning.

ASHLAND, Ohio, Oct. 29.—(Special.)—James Mason, a brother of C. D. Mason, one of the editors and proprietors of the Ashland, Ohio, *Gazette*, shot and killed W. H. Reynolds, editor of the Ashland *Times*, this morning.

This trouble originated from a libel suit in which C. D. Mason sued Reynolds for $10,000.

The participants in the shooting are well known and prominent citizens and the murder causes intense excitement at this place. The tragedy took place at Orange, a village four miles north of this city, where the parties were having a law suit at the time before a justice of the peace.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

He Left for America To-day to Take Part in the Fisheries Negotiation Question.

LONDON, Oct. 29.—Mr. Chamberlain started from Birmingham to-day on his way to America to take part in the fisheries' negotiations. An official denial has been made of the rumor that President Cleveland had requested Lord Salisbury to cancel the appointment of Mr. Chamberlain.

He will be accompanied by two English detectives, who, at New York, are to be joined by two American detectives, familiar with all the prominent agents of the Clan-na-gael.

THE ANARCHISTS

Hatch a Devilish Plot to Blow up the Chicago Prison.

CHICAGO, Oct. 29.—An evening paper says the police think there is an anarchistic plot to break or blow up the jail. One arrest was made.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.—Gould has been threatened for not saving the anarchists.

SECRETARY WHITNEY.

His Illness Will Prevent His Return to Duty for Some Time.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29.—Secretary Whitney is now in New York and will not return to Washington for an indefinite period. Although not suffering from any disease, he is forbidden by his physicians from undertaking any work. Although he has accumulated some material, he has written no word of his annual report and there is no prospect that he will be able to prepare one. The physician states that with necessary rest the secretary will be perfectly well again.

IT EXPLODED.

A Mysterious Package Explodes and Injures Two Persons.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.—About 10 o'clock last night the district telegram messenger gave a package to Mrs. Brooks, at the residence of Joseph Wechler, which she opened. One box, with a sliding lid, exploded and Mrs. Weckler and her boy were painfully injured about the face. The box contained no trace of the machinery or the nature of the explosive. It is thought it is a new chemical discovery.

JOHN SNYDER.

The Man Who Can't Stop Walking, is Dying at Mill Grove.

MILL GROVE, Ind., Oct. 29.—John Snyder, the man who walks because he cannot stop, after an incessant tramp, night and day for nearly three years, is dying.

Advance in Prices.

CHICAGO, Oct. 29.—At a meeting of the coal exchange, yesterday, an advance of twenty five cents per ton on anthracite to consumers was made.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.—Wheat, firm on early months, late deliveries 1@1c. lower; moderate stir to speculation. No. 2 red, October, 83¼@83¾c. Corn, shade lower, moderately active, mixed western, spot, 53¼c. Oats, quiet, steady, at 33@40c. Pork, firm, new mess, $14@14.50. Lard, quiet and weak, $6.90. Butter, dull, unchanged, western, 13@

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29.—Indiana, slightly cooler, followed by warmer weather.

To-morrow will be the last Sunday that the butcher shops of the city will be kept open. The butchers will hereafter observe the Lord's day.

THE PRISON GATES

Closed on a Notorious Counterfeiter for Fifteen Years, Open Only to Send Him Back.

MICHIGAN CITY, Ind., Oct. 29.—After serving a sentence of fifteen years in the northern Indiana penitentiary, in this city, for counterfeiting, Pete McCartney, the prince of "queer shovers," will be released this morning, but only to get as far as the big iron gates, where a deputy United States marshal will arrest him again, to further answer for former crimes.

The marshal has a warrant to take McCartney to the United States court of the southern district of Illinois at Springfield, where an indictment, eighteen years old, hangs over his head for making and passing spurious bank notes.

THE TELEPHONE FRAUD.

The Lafayette Courts Compel the Monopoly to Comply With the Law ---A Pointer For Fort Wayne.

The Central Union Telephone company, at Lafayette, have encountered a number of suits, the decision of which will be awaited with interest. Patrons have determined to pay only the legal rate of $3 a month; one sues for a mandate to compel the company to put a telephone into his bank; another sues damages for refusal to put in a telephone at the lawful rate; others have suits of one kind and another to compel a compliance with the law.

The court yesterday issued mandates to the Central Union Telephone company to place telephones in the houses of Susanna Falley and John W. Heath.

The telephone company is again making itself obnoxious and on every hand complaint is made. They have more red tape than efficiency about their business and the toll system, recently introduced in Fort Wayne, to enable the telephone people to evade the law, only serves as a medium through which to rob the subscribers.

THE SENTINEL sees no reason why the people of this city must sit down and be imposed on by this monopoly. Lafayette, Logansport, Indianapolis, South Bend and Elkhart are fighting them. Why should Fort Wayne sleep?

THE ODD FELLOWS.

They Have a Magnificent Reception and Banquet Last Evening.

The Odd Fellows had a grand street parade last evening and after work in the order the assembly marched to the Robinson to feast. It was then 11 o'clock and everything was in delicious readiness for the gay Patriarchs.

Mr. Henry Cohen officiated as toastmaster and H. L. Williamson was chief patriarch presiding. The address of welcome was delivered by Patriarch Rutenbender and was sincere and hearty. S. Powers, of Angola, responded in behalf of the visitors. The toast, "The Grand Encampment of Indiana," was announced by M. V. B. Spencer, and eloquently responded to by C. M. Alvard, of Warsaw. The toast to "Angola," proposed by John Schuster, of Fort Wayne, was responded to by Lawrence Gates, of Angola. A toast by Patriarch Herr to the Columbia City encampment was responded to by D. Wartsbaugh.

THE BUGLE OF DEATH

Sounds Its Dread Summons and the Living Obey the Call.

The following deaths have been reported to the city undertakers since last Saturday:

Oltha E. Pierson, 8 months, bronchitis.

Barney J. Roth, 29 years, convulsions.

John O'Connell, 20 years, consumption.

Mary Close, 70 years, cancer.

Michael J. Sullivan, 21 years, accident.

Child of John Schuler, 1 day, spasms.

Seraphine M. Robbe, 4 years, meningitis.

Louisa Weehr, 1 year 9 months, croup.

James A. Weeks, 1 year, croup.

John Meyer, 55 years, accident.

Fredricka Buddemeyer, 42 years, dropsy.

William Allen, 1 year, lung fever.

A BAD FALL.

A Lady Falls From a Load of Wood and Receives Severe Injuries.

This morning a lady named Mrs. Raab purchased a load of wood at the market and mounted the wagon for the purpose of riding with it to her home in Irishtown. As the farmer started off Mrs. Raab lost her balance and fell from the wagon to the ground dislocating her arm and severely bruising herself around the face, head and shoulders. She was taken to her home, and a physician called, who dressed her injuries, and made her condition as comfortable as possible.

Mr Frank Komp, of Chicago, is in the city visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Komp.

A BIG FIRE!

A $200,000 Blaze at Los Angeles, Cal., Destroys the Extensive Freight Depot.

LOS ANGELES, Oct. 29.—The most extensive fire in the history of Los Angeles, broke out at the California Central railway freight depot last evening. It started in an oil car on the track near the depot. The whole freight depot, over 600 feet long, was consumed, with all the contents. It was full of freight. About twenty freight cars loaded with various classes of goods were burned. Four Pullmans and several passenger coaches were partially burned. The loss is roughly estimated at $200,000. It is understood there was no insurance.

JOSEPHINE CAMERON.

Her Company Said to be Stranded at Wabash.

The news came here to-day that the Josephine Cameron theatrical party disbanded at Wabash and that the players are without finances.

It will be recalled that Col. John A. Scott went out as manager of this party. The friends of the colonel expect him in every hour. He is not likely to come on scedule time as the wind is not favorable to progress on a cold barren track.

THE SABBATH CALL.

Praise Ye the Lord, Exalt His Name, and to His Earthly Courts of Worship Come.

The Congregational church services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. In the evening will be given the fifth sermon on "The Kingdom of God."

North Side—Trinity M. E. church—Preaching in the morning by Rev. Wm. G. Seaman, a student from the college. In the evening the pastor will give the first of a series of illustrated sermons. Sunday school at 2:30. All welcome.

Simpson M. E. church, corner Dawson and Harrison streets, C. H. Wilkinson pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school 2:30 p. m.

Services at the Second Presbyterian church to-morrow. Sunday school 9:30 a. m. Preaching 10:45 a. m.: subject, "Prayer," and at 7:30 p. m., an address to young ladies. S. M. Fulton, pastor.

Reception of new members and communion services at the Third Presbyterian church to-morrow. Morning theme: "My God, my God, Why hast Thou Forsaken me." Evening theme: "Ye Must be Born Again." Rev. David Kennedy, pastor.

Regular song and Gospel service at the rooms of the railroad department of the Y. M. C. A., Sunday afternoon, at 4:30, standard time.

Berry street church—Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school at 2:15 p. m.

Regular meeting of the Citizen's Reform league Monday morning, at 11 o'clock, at the Berry street M. E. church. Important business will be transacted.

There will be no services at Grace Reformed church.

Trinity church, Rev. W. N. Webbe, rector—Services at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.

Trinity church, corner Jefferson and Griffith streets—Subject, 10:30 a. m.: "The Christian's Indebtedness to Humanity;" 7:30 p. m., "The Deceitfulness of Sin, Showing the Power of Intemperance."

Attend the Baptist church Sunday evening. Pastor Northrop welcomes you.

Preaching at the Wayne street M. E. church to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., by Rev. F. G. Browne. Morning subject: "Celestial Citizenship." Sunday school at 2 p. m.

Glenwood chapel—Interesting services by E. G. Anderson to-morrow evening. Quartet singing and jubilee service.

TOM. SULLIVAN.

He is Secretary to Adjutant General Robert Stratton.

The Associated Press dispatches the other day brought THE SENTINEL an announcement that Robert Stratton, a former Fort Wayne citizen, now at Minneapolis, was appointed adjutant general of the G. A. R., of the United States.

Mr. Tom Sullivan, of this city, has been appointed secretary to Mr. Stratton and is now at Minneapolis. The position pays a fat salary and Mr. Sullivan is away up in the world.

FOR $60.

A Bloomingdale House is Touched for That Amount.

Thieves got into a house on High street, last night, and stole $60 from the family, who decline to give their names to the marshal.

The house is owned by Frank Hake, and Marshal Meyer inclines to the belief that the theft was by some one familiar with the premises.

SATURDAY'S STROLL

Around the Places Where the Busy Hum of Industry is Heard, Reveals But Little New.

Master Mechanic Howard, of the Wabash shops at Toledo, is dangerously ill.

Peter Stetzer, an employe at the Pittsburg car shops, had his thumb quite severely mashed yesterday while at work.

Frank Finke, the foreman of one of the moulding rooms in the Bass foundry, has eighty men under his supervision.

Frank Freidman, a moulder in the Bass works, who is confined to his residence, on Pontiac street, with lung fever, is lying very low.

William Hohnhouse, of the Ft. Wayne iron works, is kept from work on account of a bad injury which he received to his hand on Thursday.

Herman Regel, a machinist at the Bass foundry, went to Antwerp, O., yesterday to set up a boiler for a manufacturing establishment there.

A general smile was caused at the Pittsburg depot the other day by an innocent countryman who asked for accommodation "in one of them bed-room cars."

President Hughart has completed his annual tour of inspection of the southern system of the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad and will inspect the northern division and its branches.

General McNulta, the receiver of the Wabash road, and a distinguished party of the company's officials, will be in the city on Monday for the purpose of making an inspection of the company's property at this point.

James Bleekman, the private secretary of Superintendent Stevens, of the Wabash, was in the city yesterday for the purpose of making arrangements to move his family to Peru, which in the future will be his headquarters.

A representative of the Hitchcock buggy factory, of Courtland, N. Y., is looking for a site for a large buggy and cutter factory. He wants a western location. No better place can be found than Fort Wayne with its commercial advantages and railroad facilities.

Barney Fitzpatrick, general foreman of the Pittsburg machine shops, was a passenger on the limited last night when it collided with a freight train this side of Chicago. He was returning from Chicago, and had the accident been a Chatsworth horror, Mr. Fitzpatrick's pleasant face might not be smiling on the boys to-day.

An accident occurred on the Pittsburg road last night, between this city and Chicago, which resulted in making the limited about two hours late in its arrival at the Fort Wayne station. The passenger train struck a freight train, demolished a car load of beef and taking the pilot off the engine. No one was hurt, and passengers on the limited did not know that an accident had occurred.

The International convention of the Brotherhood of Railroad Brakeman on Thursday re-elected Grand Master S. E. Wilkinson, of Peoria, Ill., and elected W. G. Edens, of Bucyrus, Ohio, vice grand master, and L. C. Foster, of Ithaca, N. Y., grand organizer. The term of Grand Secretary and Treasurer Ed F. O'Shea, of Galesburg, Ill., has not expired and he will hold over until the next convention.

James Conley, of the Olds works, purchased a $7 dog yesterday and locked him up in the kitchen of his house last night to prevent him from straying away. The dog did not like being alone and about midnight Jim was aroused from his slumbers by the howling of the canine and had to stay in the kitchen until morning to keep company for his dogship. He wants to trade the dog off this morning, but none of the boys seem to want that kind of a breed.

JOHN G. BLAKE

Is Appointed Superintendent of the School for Feeble Minded Children.

At a meeting of the board of trustees of the school for feeble minded children, held at Richmond yesterday, Mr. John G. Blake, of Indianapolis, was chosen superintendent.

Mr. Blake is well known in Fort Wayne. He attended the Scottish Rite convocation in this city the other day and sang in the Temple quartet. He is secretary of the Indianapolis board of trade and has long been connected with the state reform school.

Mr. Blake has the highest qualifications for the position to which he was chosen yesterday and when the school is established here next spring he will be quite an acquisition to Fort Wayne citizenship.

Oysters Received Daily.

O K 15c; S and W. best stewing 25c. Large selects, for frying, 35c.

FRUIT HOUSE.

The case of James R. Godfrey et al vs. Benj. Hendrix and eight others was decided to-day and Judge O'Rourke rendered a decision quieting title to 100 acres in James R. Godfrey and also quieting title to real estate held in Rudolph Siemon. The land involved is the Indian reservation south of town. The case has been pending for seventeen years. Archangel Godfrey, one of the plaintiffs, is dead, as are also five of the defendants.

JOHN G. CARLISLE.

His Seat in the United States Congress is Being Contested by George H. Throbe, of Kentucky.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29.—To-day Gen. J. Hale Snyder, the attorney for George H. Thobe, contestant against Hon. John G. Carlisle for a seat in the fiftieth congress, filed sixty copies of his brief with the clerk of the house, as required by law. The brief asserts that Thobe was elected by six hundred majority. This result is found by rejecting 1,000 votes cast for Carlisle, and about 200 votes cast for Thobe, which were pooled at the precints, where, it is claimed, the laws of Kentucky are not observed.

CHARLEY RYAN.

He Falls From a Hay Loft and is Badly Injured.

Just about 3 o'clock this afternoon the report reaches us that Charley Ryan, the young truckman, fell from the hay loft in his big stable on Harrison street and was severely hurt.

Mr. Ryan broke one of his limbs at the ankle joint and was otherwise maimed.

HOW PROHIBITION WORKS.

Senator Colquitt Gives an Account of Its Effect Upon Atlanta, Ga.

The following letter, from United States Senator Colquitt, formerly governor of Georgia, is a strong argument in favor of prohibition and speaks for itself:

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 24, 1887.

DR. J. W. YOUNGS:

DEAR SIR:—In reply to your letter of the 4th inst., I would state that Atlanta is a city of 65,000 inhabitants, and was as wicked as most cities, while liquor ruled—one of its streets was lined with saloons and no lady could walk through it with safety, and the bravest man dreaded to ride through it at night. Now its saloons are closed, and a young girl may walk safely through it by day or night and she will not hear a profane word. There were a hundred and fifty saloons in Atlanta, and croakers prophesied that these hundred and fifty buildings would stand empty. Every single one of them is occupied, many of them with stores where healthful food, instead of destroying drink is sold. Property has increased from 10 to 30 per cent. in value. Prohibition has proved to Atlanta to be also a soul-saving scheme. As soon as whisky was turned out the spirit of God had a chance in men's hearts, and a wonderful revival followed. To day there is not a city on earth that is more truly Christian than Atlanta; 2,000 men and women have been added to the church since the adoption of prohibition.

You ask me, "Is the law enforced?" I answer, yes, and it will continue to be just as long as $500 fines and imprisonment follow its infraction, prohibition will prohibit. The financial advantages are nothing when compared to the momentous question, "What shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses his own soul."

Truly Yours, Etc.,

O. A. COLQUITT.

JOURNALISTIC GORE.

Mr. Geo. L. Benson Strikes Mr. Will Cooper, of the Gazette, Unawares.

Yesterday morning the *Gazette* charged Geo. L. Benson, foreman at the *Journal* office, with direliction of duty or something worse in connection with the position of treasurer of the Typographical union. They charged Mr. Benson with burning up the cash book to hide his neglect and intimated that recently he attempted to "rat" the *Journal* office by employing O. A. Gleaner to work for him.

Mr. Benson says that some one sent a copy of the paper to his wife who is nursing two sick children. He was in no happy frame of mind last evening and sought Mr. W. P. Cooper at the *Gazette* office. Without any warning or any explanation Mr. Benson struck Mr. Cooper in the face and followed up his attack on the city editor until friends interfered. Mr. Cooper was bruised about the face, but he is every inch a gentleman and prefers to let the matter blow over in silence.

Mr. Benson gave himself up to the police, but after listening to the story Captain Diehl said he had nothing to do with the case.

It is said the Typographical union will push its investigation against Mr. Benson.

Now is the Time

To buy gloves, underwear, caps, blankets, comforts and heavy woolen hosiery, at Knabe's Bazaar, 166 Calhoun street.

New York Quinces.

New York Quinces, peck 50c.

Chestnuts, quart 15c.

FRUIT HOUSE.

This evening closes the St. Mary's church Bazaar, and all wishing to avail themselves of the opportunity of seeing the new St. Mary's before the dedication must come this evening. Everything will be done to make it pleasant for visitors. The dimes you leave will go towards paying for the church.

THE LADIES

A Highly Seasoned Pot-Pourri, Dished Up Especially for the Tender Sex.

FAIR WOMEN AND THEIR WAYS.

A Bit of Poetry, a Little Humor, and Some Solid Chunks of Useful Information.

A Yankee Scribbler.

Omaha Girl—I don't know of any author, ancient or modern, I like so well as Dryden.

English Girl—Yes, I like Dryden, but I can't half understand some of his words.

"I can't see why."

"Oh, he uses so many Americanisms."—*Omaha World.*

A Smart Georgia Girl.

Mr. Benjamin Atwood, of this county, has a daughter 12 years old, who is quite an exception. She has just completed a quilt which contains 2,176 pieces. She has a very good literary education, as well as extensive knowledge of household duties. The first day she picked cotton this season she gathered 117 pounds, sea island, which is more than double her weight.—*Excelsior (Ga.) Eagle.*

How It Works.

Omaha Dame—I see you preferred being an old man's darling to a young man's slave.

Young Widow—Yes; my husband was very kind to the day of his death.

"He left you, I understand, over $5,000,000?"

"Yes."

"What do you intend to do with yourself, now, dear."

"Well, I'm thinking of becoming a young man's slave."

A Stocking to Match His Hat.

"Have you any gentlemen's white hose?" asked a bride of three months, as she entered a dry-goods store.

"What size, please?" asked the gentlemanly clerk.

"Size! Why, are there sizes for men's wear?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Well, I know that he wears a No. 7 hat; just give me a size to fit that."

The clerk probably wouldn't have laughed if the proprietor, who was standing near, hadn't started the chorus. During the confusion the woman escaped. She is better informed now.—*Boston Beacon.*

Just a Little Too Previous.

"Mary," he whispered, "do you love me—"

"Yes, Reginald," she answered, passionately, "I do; for a time methought I could but feel for you as a sister for a brother, but that friendship has ripened into a love such as the heart can know but once. I am thine, Reginald!"

"Ah—er—there's a mistake—that is—it seems as though you misunderstood me."

"What mean you, Reginald? There is no mistake. My love is pure and trusting."

"No, but you see, I was going to ask if you loved mush-melons on ice, when you headed me off. Good-bye."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

The Manufactured Blonde.

Nothing makes me more impatient with the ugly fashion of coloring the hair blonde than to see the hair at the roots dark, while the mass above is a pure gold in color. We know a woman whose whole appearance has been thrown into discord by this process. Her complexion, which was not noticeably bad when her hair, eyebrows, and lashes matched in color, is reduced to an ashen gray framed by the artificial gold, and her dark lashes and brows give the face an unnatural expression, which repulses and sets one to wondering why efforts at improving nature should so often take the form of incongruities which only heighten defects instead of relieving them. Before coloring the hair golden, one should remember that a peach-like complexion is the only one which will bear the gold and be improved by it; and then we question whether it would not be better to direct the efforts at improvement in the hair to keeping it exquisitely clean and glossy, and dressing it becomingly—than to changing the natural color which is unusually adapted to the color of the eyes and general style of the face.

Some Toilet Talk.

In your dressing-room you have soft, cold water and a sponge, probably placed there over night so that it is in the morning of the same temperature as the air, then you have a nice, soft Turkish washing-glove and a piece of plain castile or ivory soap, not scented. That is dangerous to health; then, standing before a basin of hot water, the whole body is quickly lathered and rubbed thoroughly. This ought not to occupy more than, say, three minutes, and after this comes the cold sponge bath, which need not take more than a minute and a half. A moderately coarse towel should be used, and the skin should be thoroughly dried. Remember that the towel must not be rough enough to irritate the skin, but only to produce a pleasant glow; remember, too, that there must be no dawdling over the bath—dawdle as much as you please while dressing, but bathe with judicious celerity; and remember, thirdly, that you must never neglect to wet the head with cold water, else disagreeable sensations will be the result. The bath is to be taken on an empty stomach, and immediately after getting out of bed. The slight shock caused by the cold water will be succeeded by feelings very delightful indeed—feelings which I might describe if I chose, but will not, as I want you to experience them. There are sponge baths and plunge baths and shower baths, all of which may be taken at home, but for all forms of household bathing commend me to the one I have just tried to describe.—*Cottage Hearth.*

The following recipe for cold cream should be copied by every woman, young or old. It is an invaluable recipe, furnished the writer by a lady who prepares it for her own use, and applied at night will keep the face free from those abominable marks called flesh-worms, and from pimples and sunburn. It will also prevent the nose from being greasy or shiny, a disfigurement common to many women. One and a half ounces of white wax, four ounces of sweet almond oil, six drams of rosewater, and five drops of oil of rose. Melt wax and oil of almond in a bowl; then add rose water and stir well with a wooden spoon. The longer it is stirred the whiter it will get and the more creamy. Finally add the oil of rose, and then pack away in small jars or pots. This will be found the equal of any cold cream preparation ever invented.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Every woman of fashion nowadays has on her toilet-table a pretty little feather duster, set in a beautifully-embossed silver handle. These dusters are really useful as well as ornamental, and it is no uncommon sight to see a lady occupy a spare hour in brushing off the dust that we all know will collect with lightning rapidity on bureau, desk, and table. Most of these dusters are so made that the feather portion can be put securely away inside the silver handle, thus forming a convenient article for the pocket or traveling bag. They can be purchased for the trifling sum of $30 apiece.—*New York Mail and Express.*

Liked by Ladies.

When I heard Miss Artless say, "I don't like to have Dr. Molar fill my teeth; his hands are so big he hurts my lips, but papa will insist on my going to him, 'cause he's such a good man," I knew just what the matter was. Molar was a plodding, matter-of-fact man, who conscientiously dug out caries and cautiously puts in gold, polishes it off and sends the girl home and thinks he has done his duty.

Now, there's young Incisor, an Italian, here in the city. He understands his business. A lady comes in and he sizes her up in a moment, and knows whether to be confidential, reverential or business-like. He isn't in a hurry. He speaks of the sun or the fog, whichever predominates, listens to the long preamble the average woman treats us to about who filled this one, and who drew that, and how nervous she is, and how many hypodermic injections the family physician administers in the course of a month, what her husband said, and what her mamma did, etc. Then he gets gradually down to business, complimenta her on the beauty of her complexion (if he thinks it will do, while he surreptitiously wipes the carmine off his hands) or the rounded whiteness of her neck or becoming costume; or, if she's a domestic woman, he inquires about that bicuspid of Edith's, or recommends something for the teething baby.

And his touch?

Why, it's like velvet, and his fingers linger lovingly over their work as though it were really a delightful task. And how sympathetic he is. Did it hurt her very much? And he will be so careful. Perhaps she screams a little, or moans a little, and he tells her how brave she is, and she endures it in silence. If she's likely to be one of the screaming sort he prefaces his operations by citing the case of the wealthy and distinguished Miss Nobb, who bore the most painful dental surgery without a murmur, and it is surprising the effect it produces. Mrs. Lowvale wouldn't screech after that if he crushed her alveolar processes to powder.

Look over the whole creation, and you shall see that the land, or cement, that holds together all the parts of this great and glorious fabric is gratitude.—*South.*

An Interesting Description of an Arapahoe Indian Dance.

A VERY LAZY BIRD.

Warm and Generous Hearts Are Found Under the Ragged Coats of Bootblacks.

The Brant.

This bird is lazy and slow in its flight. Let me tell you about one of its ingenious devices to save itself trouble.

It never dives for its food. It waits until low tide, when the mud flats are bare, and then it waddles about among the rock-weeds and water plants, and tears up by the roots in great quantities those best suited to its taste.

When the tide comes in, the surface of the water is covered with the weeds, and the lazy bird floats idly about and feeds at its leizure.

When the spring comes the brant starts on its long northward journey—some say to the North pole.

Certain it is that it goes far out of reach of the most curious naturalist, and that nothing whatever is known of its nest or eggs, or its habits while rearing its young.—*By F. E. Gifford, in St. Nicholas.*

A Fair Bootblack.

A reporter called to a little bootblack near the city hall to give him a shine, a few days ago, says the New York *Commercial Advertiser*. The little fellow came rather slowly for one of that lively guild, and planted his box down under the reporter's foot. Before he could get his brushes out another larger boy ran up, and calmly pushing the little one aside, said: "Here, you go and sit down, Jimmy." The reporter at once became indignant at what he took to be a piece of outrageous bullying, and sharply told the new-comer to clear out. "Oh, dat's all right, boss," was the reply. "I'm only goin' to do it fur him. You see he's been sick in the hospital for mor'n a month, and can't do much work yet, so us boys all turn in and give him a lift when we can—savy?" "Is that so, Jimmy?" asked the reporter, turning to the smaller boy.

"Yes, sir," wearily replied the boy, and as he looked up the pallid, pinched face could be discerned even through the grime that covered it. "He does it fur me if you'll let him."

"Certainly, go ahead," and as the bootblack plied the brush the reporter plied him with questions. "You say all the boys help him in this way?"

"Yes, sir. When they ain't got no job themselves and Jimmy gets one they turns in and helps him, 'cause he ain't very strong yet, ye see."

"What percentage do you charge him on a job?"

"Hey?" queried the youngster. "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean, what part of the money do you give Jimmy, and how much do you keep out of it?"

"You bet yer life I don't keep none; I ain't no such sneak as that."

"So you give it all to him, do you?"

"Yes, I do. All the boys give up what they gets on his job. I'd like to catch any feller sneaking on a sick boy, I would."

The shine being completed, the reporter handed the urchin a quarter, saying: "I guess you're a pretty good fellow, so you keep 10 cents and give the rest to Jimmy there."

"Can't do it, sir; it's his customer. Here, Jim." He threw him the coin and was off like a shot after a customer for himself, a veritable rough diamond. In this big city there are a good many such lads, with warm and generous hearts under their ragged coats.

Strange Indian Dances.

The night of my arrival at Fort Reno was bright and clear. The garrison was strong; the Indians were held well in check. I was not troubled with fears for personal safety. A noise of voices and drums floated through the still night from the tepees several miles away. Mr. Curtis, one of the fort scouts, saddled a couple of horses, and, after supper, we galloped across the level prairie in the moonlight to attend an Arapahoe dance.

On reaching the village we singled out the tepee whence issued the noise of drums and voices, and crawling through the door—a hole in the canvas about three feet high—found ourselves among thirty or forty painted bucks and squaws. The squaws were huddled on the ground in one corner of the tepee; in the opposite corner crouched the painted braves. An old drum was on the ground in the center of the tepee; around it squatted six men lustily beating the drum, and at the same time bawling at the top of their powerful lungs. No notice was taken of our entrance. We quietly placed ourselves in the braves' corner.

Presently a squaw arose, and with a kind of reeling motion advanced toward us. She glanced a moment at a row of bucks, then tapped one on the head; he arose and stood in silence. The squaw scanned again the faces before her. She seemed about to tap me on the head, but hesitated, and finally bestowed her favor upon Mr. Curtis. He arose to his feet; the squaw placed herself between her two partners, her face looking in the opposite direction from which they looked; then flung her arm around the two men's necks, all three began springing up and down, howling in concert with the howls of the men beating the drum.

Other squaws came forward, selected partners, and joined in the strange dance. I congratulated myself on being a wall-flower; but my self-gratulations were premature, for when the row of braves was pretty well thinned out, a kind-hearted maid took pity on my loneliness and tapped me on the head. Her other partner was a villainous-looking Indian, who could doubtless have run all day without tiring. Certainly the springy motion, which was excessively fatiguing to me, did not seem to please him. Moka Wolftrack, (that was the name of my squaw partner,) was unsparing in the looks of contempt she bestowed on the tender-foot pale-face from the East. Perhaps a blunder made in the very outset helped to forfeit her good opinion of me. From sheer force of habit, when I arose to dance, I put my arm under her shawl around her waist; there was naught there but the bare and yielding flesh. Moka removed the arm with a jerk and an indignant glance that is hard to forget. She looked for the moment as if she would have liked to perforate my body with splinters, and then set them on fire and watch me slowly sizzle.

At the conclusion of the dance, after springing up and down until completely exhausted, my partner did a singular thing; she turned and gave me a kiss square on the mouth! I submitted with what seemed to me very good grace, indeed, but Moka nevertheless, gave me another savage look, abruptly removing her arm from around my neck and retreated to her corner, apparently disgusted as well as offended.

My offense, as I subsequently learned, lay in not transmitting from my mouth to hers, when she kissed me, some bead, or other trinket, as is customary. Mr. Curtis, who was acquainted with the custom, transferred to his partner, by kiss, a bright blue bead, and so came out of the dance with as much *eclat* as though he were a real Indian instead of a mere Indian scout.—*Cosmopolitan.*

WHAT KEY WEST LOOKS LIKE.

The key has about as much shape as a camel and in a general way lies east and west and contains about six square miles. It is as flat as a shingle, the highest point being about fourteen feet above the mean sea level. To the casual visitor it looks as though the sea, particularly in a storm, would submerge this insignificant rise, but it is a matter of record that it never has done it. The city covers the western end of the key, and it was, previous to the great fire of March 30, 1886, very densely settled, and about as un-American looking as could well be imagined, bearing a strong resemblance to a West India town. The houses are of wood and quite plainly built. There are, I think, only four or five brick buildings, and certainly not more than six. The streets are of very good width, tolerably straight and passably clean. The roadway is coral rock. There is no soil to speak of, what passes for soil is triturated coral, very rich in phosphates and making an excellent fertilizer, but by itself deficient in fat. To garden one must use a pick rather than a hoe. Very few vegetables are grown here, and vegetation is confined mainly to cocoanut trees. Here and there can be seen a pine or an Alexander, or a star of India or a royal poncana, a few mulberry and prickly ash trees red popenack bushes. Flowers and flowering shrubs grow in abundance.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

CARL PRETZ ON PHILOSOPHY.

Der feller dot vants to raise a laffingness must be shure to plant der seed of fun.

Vhen you make der ped pooty gwick out, dot shows you vas indoostrious und thirsty.

A bully conscience was more worth as a hoondret dollars.

Der oogliest face got so beautiful like der dance vhen der heart oxhibits a softening of its brain.

Vhen a clock vas down run, yoost vind him out, und he vas all right. Vhen a man he was down run, you vind him out und he vas all wrong also.—*Sunday National.*

Most persons have opinions. Now and then a person has convictions. A man with an opinion is of small consequence for or against a case. A man with a conviction is always a power in the direction of his convictions. As a rule, the men who have opinions are waiting to be led by men who have convictions.

FARMER'S WIFE—I must go home, I have a great deal to do; we are going to kill an ox to-day. Frau Professor—What! you kill an entire ox at once?—*Fliegende Blatter.*

THE PULPIT

The Absence of Gospel Preaching in the Pulpits of To-Day.

THE BAPTISM OF FIRE.

Thoughts for Wives and Husbands to Ponder Over Concerning the Use of Tobacco.

Most Alarming.

Perhaps the most alarming feature of the modern pulpit is the absence of the Gospel in Gospel preaching. A thousand sermons are preached every Sabbath which scarcely relate to the substance of Christianity. Whole hours and days are consumed in elaborate discussions of themes remotely connected with religion, but not having in them scarcely a modicum of spiritual food for the people. But while such ministrations tend directly to quench the ardor of devotion and multiply dead churches, yet they do not excuse any man who is not athirst for righteousness. Each individual is responsible for his own lack of divine aspirations. It is not in the power of any man, or class of adverse circumstances, to still the throbbings of the heart for holiness. A seeker may burn with furnace heat in the midst of icebergs. He may sit under a barren pulpit and mingle with the coldest worshipers, and yet, rejecting the chaff and wax, feed on the finest wheat and honey from the rock.—*Divine Life.*

The Baptism of Fire.

Suppose we saw an army sitting down before a granite fortress, and they told us they intended to batter it down. We might ask them, "How?" They point us to a cannon-ball. Well, but there is no power in that! It is heavy, but not more than a hundred-weight. If all the men in the army were to throw it, that would make no impression. They say, "No," but look at the cannon. Well, but there is no power in that; it is a machine, and nothing more. But look at the powder! Well, there is no power in that; a child may spill it; a sparrow may pick it up. Yet this powerless powder and this powerless ball are put into this powerless cannon; one spark of fire enters it, and then in the twinkling of an eye, that powder is a flash of lightning, and that cannon-ball is a thunderbolt which smites as if it had been sent from Heaven. So it is with our church machinery of the present day. We have our instruments for pulling down the stronghold; but O! for the baptism of fire.—*Rev. W. Arthur.*

Sunday Thoughts.

Truly illustrious are they who did not court the praise of the world, but who performed the actions which deserve it.

So capricious and uncertain, so fickle and mutable is the favor of the multitude that it proves the most unsatisfactory of all pursuits in which men can be engaged.

The ungoverned passions of men betray them into a thousand follies; their follies into crimes; and their crimes into misfortunes.

Man is formed by his nature to look up to a Superior Being, and to lean upon a strength greater than his own.

The valley of death has been planted with terrors to the apprehensions of men.

What Divine Providence has made necessary, human providence ought to comply with cheerfully.

In this world we often behold good men depressed, and the wicked prosperous around us. Our best deeds meet with unjust returns from an ungrateful world. Sincerity is overreached by craft, and innocence falls a victim to power.—*Sunday National.*

For Wives and Husbands.

Not long since I was walking in the city with a celebrated physician. As we passed a house surrounded by every evidence of wealth and refinement, he spoke: "I have a patient in there, an idolized wife, who is dying, and beyond all help, and none of them know what is the matter with her, and still her husband has killed her."

"Why, Doctor," says I, "what do you mean?"

"I mean just this," he says, "her husband is just literally steeped in tobacco until the insensible perspiration from his body has become a deadly poison, and his wife has absorbed enough of this, and had before I was called in, so that she will die."

At an establishment where they treated patients for the cure of the tobacco habit, a man just brought in was washed as clean as soap and water could make him, and then some flies were allowed to alight on him. In five minutes by the watch they were dead. There was poison enough in the perspiration that came out of a man washed as clean as possible to kill them. You can imagine what it would be when he wasn't washed, perhaps, to spend hours each day in a warm bed with him.—*T. B. Terry, in Albany Argus.*

GERMANS IN RUSSIA.

By a recent decree of the Russian Czar, all foreigners in Western Russia are forbidden to purchase or to hold land. It is also declared that those foreigners who lease or rent Russian land shall be subjected to a heavy special tax. There is no doubt that this severe decree is aimed especially at the multitudes of Germans who have settled in those parts of Russia which border on their own fatherland, and especially in that part of it known as the Baltic provinces.

The relations between the two great empires of Central or Eastern Europe are peculiar, and, in view of probable future events, are very interesting. For a long period a close alliance and friendship have existed between the reigning houses of the two States. This has been the result partly of near ties of kinship, and partly of the necessity that, for public reasons, the two empires should be friendly to each other. The present German Emperor is great-uncle to the present Czar of Russia, and the Czar's mother was a German Princess, so that not a little intimacy has been kept up for a long time between the two ruling families. On the other hand, probably no two neighboring peoples in Europe are more hostile to each other than are the Germans and the Russians. Their mutual dislike shows itself in a hundred ways. The one people is Protestant, the other belongs to the Greek church. The Germans are thrifty, hard-working and sober; the Russians are shiftless, indolent, and intemperate. Each nation, moreover, distrusts and fears the other. They stand side by side, both armed to the teeth. Each wishes to be the superior power in Europe, and each looks forward to a war in which they will be arrayed on opposite sides.

The presence of so many Germans in Russia is a constant source of irritation. Many of the officials, high and low, in Russia, are Germans. There are German officers in the military staff; German professors and teachers in the universities and gymnasia, and shrewd, pushing German merchants in all the Russian cities. The late Czar Alexander II. was very fond of Germans, and had rather German than Russian traits and tastes. His mother was German, and he himself received a large part of his education in Germany. It was during his reign that the Germans went in such numbers into Russia, and took their places in responsible positions in the army, the civil service, and the schools. The present Czar and his advisers, however, do not like to have so many Germans in Russia. They know that in case of a war, the Germans who are now the leaders of the industry and commerce in Western Russia, and their swarms of German workmen, will go back to their own country and enter the German army. If there should be a war between Germany and Russia, these men would return to the places where they are now peacefully working, to fight the Russians, and perhaps to conquer for their own their former residences.

The decree which has been spoken of will doubtless have the effect of driving away, perhaps most, of the Germans from the soil of Western Russia. It will certainly have the further result of embittering still more the feeling of the two peoples against each other.—*Youth's Companion.*

DEGRADATION OF HINDOO WOMEN.

Miss Swainson, a lady who labored for some years in the Zenanas of the Punjaub, related her experience a short time ago in Dr. Thain Davidson's Presbyterian Church, in London. The condition of Hindoo women was described as one of great degradation. It was a disgrace to a woman if she was not married before she was 12. Among the upper classes they had no occupation but such as was implied in braiding their hair, smoking, and counting their jewelry. She had met women who had been in one room for thirty years. If they fell ill, they were often left alone to die. It was believed by them that the highest happiness was to be attained by being suffocated in the mud of the Ganges, because by that means the individual woman was transformed into a cow. The lot of the widows was so wretched that some of them were not thankful to the government for the law which prevented them being burned on the funeral pyre of their husbands. Christianity, Miss Swainson said, had done much for the Hindoo woman; but much remained to be done.—*Boston Traveler.*

POINTED OUT.

"Now," said a man who had brought a manuscript to an editor, "as a humorist I conceive it to be my province not to create but to point out. By the way you are something of a humorist. Ah, what do you mean?" he added, observing a movement on the part of the editor.

"Exercising the functions of a humorist. Pointing out something."

"What?"

"The elevator across the hall!"—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

AT PEACE WITH ENEMIES.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon at the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Why We Should Forgive—Ill-Humor Exhausting to Physical and Mental Health—Those Who Preserve Their Temper in Debate Generally Come Out Ahead.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 23.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached in the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning on the subject: "Forgiveness before sundown." After explaining some passages concerning Hezekiah, Dr. Talmage gave out the following hymn, which was sung by the congregation:

This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives
And longs to see the day.

Prof. Henry Eyre Browne rendered on the organ an aria with variations, by Cramer. The text of the sermon was from Ephesians iv, 26: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." Dr. Talmage said:

What a pillow embroidered of all colors hath the dying day. The cradle of clouds from which the sun rises is beautiful enough, but it is surpassed by the many colored mausoleum in which at evening it is buried. Sunset among the mountains! It almost takes one's breath away to recall the scene. The long shadows stretching over the plain make the glory of the departing light on the tiptop crags and struck aslant through the foliage the more transpicuous. Saffron and gold, purple and crimson commingled. All the castles of cloud in conflagration. Burning Moscows on the sky. Hanging gardens of roses at their deepest blush. Banners of vapors, red as if from carnage, in the battle of the elements. The hunter among the Adirondacks and the Swiss villager among the Alps know what is a sunset among the mountains. After a storm at sea the rolling grandeur into which the sun goes down to bathe the nightfall is something to make weird and splendid dreams out of for a lifetime. Alexander Smith in his poem compares the sunset to "the barren beach of hell," but this wonderful spectacle of nature makes me think of the burnished wall of Heaven. Paul in prison writing my text remembers some of the gorgeous sunsets among the mountains of Asia Minor, and how he had often seen the towers of Damascus blaze in the close of the Oriental day, and he flashed out that memory in the text when he says: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Sublime and all suggestive duty for peoplethen and people now. Forgiveness before sundown. He who never feels the throb of indignation is imbecile. He who can walk among the iniquces of the world, inflicted upon himself and others, without flush of cheek or flash of eye or agitation of nature, is either in sympathy with wrong or semi-idiotic. When Ananias, the high priest ordered the constables of the courtroom to smite Paul in the mouth, Paul fired up and said: "God will smite thee, thou whited wall." In the sentence immediately before my text Paul commands the Ephesians: "Be ye angry and sin not." It all depends on what you are mad at and how long the feeling lasts whether anger is right or wrong. Life is full of exasperations. Saul after David. Sneeth after Gideon, Korah after Moses, the Pasquins after Augustus, the Pharisees after Christ, and every one has had his pursuers, and we are swindled or lied or misrepresented or persecuted or in some way wronged, and the danger is that healthful indignation shall become baleful spite, and that our feelings settle down into a prolonged outpouring of temper displeasing to God and ruinous to ourselves, and hence the important injunction of the text: "Let not the sun go down on your wrath."

Why that limitation to one's anger? Why that period of flaming vapor set to punctuate a flaming disposition? What has the sunset got to do with one's resentful emotions? Was it a haphazard sentiment written by Paul without special significance? No, no; I think of five reasons why we should not let the sun set before our temper sets.

First, because twelve hours is long enough to be cross about any wrong inflicted upon us. Nothing is so exhausting to physical health or mental faculty as a protracted indulgence of ill humor. It racks the nervous system. It hurts the digestion, it heats the blood in brain and heart until the whole body is first overheated and then depressed. Besides that, it scars the disposition, turns one aside from his legitimate work, expends energies that ought to be better employed, and does us more harm than it does our antagonist. Paul gives us a good, wide allowance of time for legitimate denunciation, from 6 o'clock to 6 o'clock, but says: "Stop there." Watch the descending orb of day, and when it reaches the horizon take a reef in your disposition. Unloose your collar and cool off. Change the subject to something delightfully pleasant. Unroll your tight fist and shake hands with some one. Bank up the fires at the curfew bell. Drive the growling dog of enmity back to its kennel. The hours of this morning will pass by, and the afternoon will arrive, and the sun will begin to set, and I beg you on its blazing beat to throw all your feuds, invectives, and satires.

Other things being equal, the man who preserves good temper will come out ahead. An old essayist says that the celebrated John Henderson, of Bristol, England, was at a dining party where political excitement ran high and the debate got angry, and while Henderson was speaking his opponent, unable to answer his argument, dashed a glass of wine in his face, when the speaker deliberately wiped the liquid from his face and said: "This, sir, is a digression; now, if you please, for the main argument." While worldly philosophy could help but very few to such equipoise of spirit the grace of God could help any man to such a triumph. "Impossible," you say. "I would have either left the table in anger or have knocked the man down." But I have come to believe that nothing is impossible, if God help, since what I saw at Bethshan faith cure in London, England, two summers ago. While the religious service was going on Rev. Dr. Boardman, glorious man, since gone to his heavenly rest, was telling the scores of sick people present that Christ was there as of old to heal all diseases, and that, if they would only believe, their sickness would depart. I saw a woman near me, with hand and arm twisted of rheumatism, and her wrist was fiery with inflammation, and it looked like those cases of chronic rheumatism which we have all seen and sympathized with, cases beyond all human healing. At the preacher's reiteration of the words: "Will you believe? Do you believe? Do you believe now?" I heard this poor sick woman say, with an emphasis which sounded through the building: "I do believe." And then she laid her twisted arm and hand out as straight as your arm and hand, or mine. If I had seen one rise from the dead I would not have been much more thrilled. Since then I believe that God will do anything in answer to our prayer and in answer to our faith, and He can heal our bodies, and if our soul is all twisted and misshapen of revenge and hate and inflamed with sinful proclivity, he can straighten that also and make it well and clean. Aye, you will not postpone till sundown forgiveness of enemies if you can realize that their behavior toward you may be put into the catalogue of the "all things" that "work together for good to those that love God." I have had multitudes of friends, but I have found in my own experience that God so arranged it that the greatest opportunities of usefulness that have been opened before me were opened by enemies. And when, years ago, they conspired against me, that opened all Christendom to me as a field in which to preach the Gospel. So you may harness your antagonists to your best interests and compel them to draw you on to better work and higher character. Suppose, instead of waiting until six minutes past 6 o'clock this evening, when the sun will set, you transact this glorious work of forgiveness before meridian.

Again, we ought not to let the sun go down on our wrath, because we will sleep better if we are at peace with everybody. Insomnia is getting to be one of the most prevalent of disorders. How few people retire at 10 o'clock at night and sleep clear through to 6 in the morning! To relieve this disorder all narcotics, and sedatives, and chloral, and bromide of potassium, and cocaine, and intoxicants are used, but nothing is more important than a quiet spirit if we would win somnolence. How is a man going to sleep when he is in mind pursuing an enemy? With what nervous twitch he will start out of a dream! That new plan for cornering his foe will keep him wide awake while the clock strikes 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4. I give you an unfailing prescription for wakefulness: spend the evening hours rehearsing your wrongs and the best way of avenging them. Hold a convention of friends on this subject in your parlor or office at 8 or 9 o'clock. Close the evening by writing a bitter letter, expressing your sentiments. Take from the desk or pigeon-hole the papers in the case to refresh your mind with your evening's meanness. Then lie down and wait for the coming of day, and it will come before sleep comes, or your sleep will be a worried quiescence, and, if you take the precaution to lie flat on your back a frightful nightmare. Why not put a bound to your animosity? Why let your foes come into the sanctities of your dormitory? Why let those slanderers who have already torn your reputation to pieces or injured your business, bend over your midnight pillow and drive from you one of the greatest blessings that God can offer—sweet, refreshing, all invigorating sleep? Why not fence out your enemies by the golden bars of the sunset? Why not stand behind the barricade of evening cloud and say to them: "Thus far and no farther?" Many a man and many a woman is having the health of body as well as the health of soul broken down by a malevolent spirit. I have in time of religious awakening had persons night after night come into the inquiry room and get no peace of soul. After a while I have bluntly asked her: "Is there not some one against whom you have a hatred that you are not willing to give up?" After a little confusion she has slightly whispered, "Yes." Then I said to her: "You will never find peace with God as long as you retain that virulence."

A boy in Sparta, having stolen a fox, kept him under his coat, and, though the fox was gnawing his vitals, he submitted to it rather than expose his misdeed. Many a man with a smiling face has under his jacket an animal that is gnawing away the strength of his body and the integrity of his soul. Better get rid of that hidden fox as soon as possible. There are hundreds of domestic circles where that which most is needed is the spirit of forgiveness. Brothers apart, and sisters apart, and parents and children apart. Solomon says a brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city. Are there not enough sacred memories of your childhood to bring you together? The ribbons recount how that Nebuchadnezzar's son had such spite against his father that after he was dead he had his father burned to ashes, and then put the ashes into four sacks, and tied them to four eagles' necks which flew away in opposite directions. And there are now domestic antipathies which seem forever to have scattered all parental memories to the four winds of Heaven. How far the eagles fly with sacred ashes! The hour of sundown makes to that family no practical suggestion. Thomas Carlyle, in his biography of Frederick the Great, says the old King was told by his confessor he must be at peace with his enemies if he wanted to enter Heaven. Then he said to his wife, the Queen: "Write to your brother after I am dead that I forgive him." Reiloff, the confessor, said: "Her majesty had better write him immediately." "No," said the King, "after I am dead; that will be safer." So he let the sun of his earthly existence go down upon his wrath.

Again: We ought not to allow the sun set before forgiveness takes place, because we might not live to see another day. And what if we should be ushered into the presence of our Maker with a grudge upon our soul? The majority of people depart this life in the night. Between 11 o'clock p. m. and 3 o'clock a. m. there is something in the atmosphere which relaxes the grip which the body has on the soul, and most of the people enter the next world through the shadows of this world. Perhaps God may have arranged it in that way so as to make the contrast the more glorious. I have seen sunshiny days in this world that must have been almost like the radiance of Heaven. But as most people leave the earth between sundown and sunrise, they quit this world at its darkest, and Heaven, always bright, will be the brighter for that contrast. Out of Blackness into irradiation. Shall we then leap over the roseate bank of sunset into the favorite hunting ground of disease and death, carrying our animosities with us? Who would want to confront his God, against whom we have all done meaner things than anybody has ever done against us, carrying old grudges? How can we expect his forgiveness for the greater when we are not willing to forgive others the less? Napoleon was encouraged to undertake the crossing of the Alps because Charlemagne had previously crossed them. And all this rugged path of forgiveness bears the bleeding footsteps of Him who conquered through suffering, and we ought to be willing to follow. On the night of our departure from this life into the next, our one plea will have to be offered in the presence of Him who has said: "If you forgive not men their trespasses neither will your Heavenly Father forgive your trespasses." What a sorry plight if we stand there hating this one, and hating that one, and wishing this one a damage, and wishing some one else a calamity, and we ourselves needing forgiveness for 10,000 times 10,000 obliquities of heart and life. When our last hour comes, we want it to find us all right. Hardly anything affects me so much in the uncovering of ancient Pompeii as the account of the soldier who, after the city had for many centuries been covered with the ashes and scoria of Vesuvius, was found standing in his place on guard, hand on spear and helmet on head. Others fled at the awful enhancement, but the explorer, 1700 years after, found the body of that brave fellow in right position. And if will be a grand thing if, when our last moment comes, we are found in right position toward God, on guard and unafraid, behind the ashes from the mountain of death. I do not suppose that I am any more of a coward than most people, but I declare to you that I would not dare to sleep to-night if there were any being in all the earth with whom I would not gladly shake hands, lest, during the night hours, my spirit dismissed to other realms, I should, because of my unforgiving spirit, be banished from forgiveness.

"But," says some woman, "there is a horrid creature that has so injured me that rather than make up with her I would die first." Well, sister, you may take your choice—for one or the other it will be—your complete pardon of her or God's eternal banishment of you. "But," says some man, "that fellow who cheated me out of those goods, or damaged my business credit, or started that lie about me in the newspapers, or by his perfidy broke up my domestic happiness, forgive him I cannot—forgive him I will not." Well, brother, take your choice. You will never be at peace with God till you are at peace with man. Feeling as you now do, you would not get so near the harbor of Heaven as to see the light-ship. Better leave that man with the God who said: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." You may say: "I will make him sweat for that yet, I will make him squirm, I mean to pursue him to the death," but you are damaging yourself more than you damage him and you are making Heaven for your own soul an impossibility. If he will not be reconciled to you, be reconciled to him. In five or six hours it will be sundown. The dahlias will bloom against the western sky. Somewhere between this and that take a shovel and bury the old quarrel at least six feet deep. "Let not the sun go down on your wrath."

"But," you say, "I have more than I can bear; too much is put upon me, and I am not to blame if I am somewhat revengeful and unrelenting." Then I think of the little child at the mixing of some goods from a store. The father was putting some rolls of goods on the child's arm, package after package, and some one said, "That child is being over-loaded and as much ought not to be put upon her," when the child responded, "Father knows how much I can carry;" and God, our Father, will not allow to much imposition on his children. In the day of eternity it will be found you had not one annoyance too many, not one aspiration too many, not one outrage too many. Your Heavenly Father knows how much you can carry.

Again: We should not let the sun go down on our wrath because it is of little importance what the world says of you or does to you when you have the affluent God of the sunset as your provider and defender. People talk as though it were a fixed spectacle of nature and always the same. But no one ever saw two sunsets alike, and if the world has existed 6,000 years there have been about 2,190,000 sunsets, each of them as distinct from all the other pictures in the gallery of the sky as Titian's "Last Supper," Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," Raphael's "Transfiguration" and Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" are distinct from each other. If that God of such infinite resources that He can put on the wall of the sky each night more than the Louvre, and the Luxembourg, and the Vatican, and Dresden and Venetian galleries all in one is my God and your God, our provider and protector, what is the use of our worrying about any human antagonism? If we are misinterpreted, the God of the many-colored sunset can put the right color on our actions. If he can afford to hang such masterpieces over the outside wall of Heaven and have them obliterated in an hour, he must be very rich in resources and can put us through in safety. If all the garniture of the western heavens at eventide is but the upholstery of one of the windows of our future home, what small business for us to be chasing enemies! Let not this Sabbath's sun go down upon your wrath.

Mahomet said: "The sword is the key of Heaven and hell, a drop of blood shed is better than fasting, and wounds in the day of jud ment resplendent as vermilion, and odoriferous as musk." But, my hearers, in the last day we will find just the opposite of that to be true, and that the sword never unlocks Heaven, and that he who heals wounds is greater than he who makes them, and that on the same ring are two keys: God's forgiveness of us and our forgiveness of enemies; and these two keys unlock Paradise.

And now I wish for all of you a beautiful sunset in your earthly existence. With some of you it has been a long day of trouble, and with others of you it will be far from calm. When the sun rose at 6 o'clock it was the morning of youth, and a fair day was prophesied, but by the time the noonday of middle hood came and the clock of your earthly existence had struck 12, cloud racks gathered and tempests followed in the track of tempest. But as the evening of old age approaches I pray God the skies may brighten and the clouds be piled up into pillars as of celestial temples to which you go, or move as with mounted cohorts come to take you home. And as you sink out of sight below the horizon may there be a radiance of Christian example lingering long after you are gone, and on the heavens be written in letters of sapphire, and on the waters in letters of opal, and on the hills in letters of emerald: "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." So shall the sunset of earth become the sunrise of Heaven.

An Ingenious Spider.

Spiders are not looked upon with much favor by people in general, though they are a very bright, intellectual folk, with a decided aptitude for geometry. They are the only animals which are known to construct nets for the capture of prey. The following example of their ingenuity is from the notes of a traveler in New Guinea. "I saw," he says, "a small spider which had spun its web under the edge of one of my boxes, and taken a butterfly at least ten times its own size. No sooner did the latter find itself caught than it began to flutter. I then watched the spider's proceedings.

"It issued from its hiding-place, and threw itself upon its victim, but without injuring it. Looking attentively I saw that it attached a thread to the end of one wing, with which it ran away, and made it fast to the box, so that the butterfly could not stir this wing. The spider then descended again, and repeated the performance at the other wing. It went backward and forward on similar errands eleven times, on each occasion diminishing its poor victim's power to flutter, until at last it could neither move nor offer any resistance.

"I thought that now, probably, the time had come for the spider to begin to sup, but its work was not yet done.

"I saw it descend again, and unhook one wing from the side to which it was fastened; the spider then climbed up, endeavoring to raise it prey, and having secured the wing he recommenced and cut another thread; then mounting again, repeated the performance.

"It ascended and descended twenty-one times, loosening all the threads, and making them fast higher up, until it had hoisted its prey to the mouth of its den. Having accomplished this, it shut itself up to enjoy the fruits of its toil; but it seemed to me such an intelligent spider that I thought it worthy of being preserved in spirits of wine."

MRS. BOWSER'S HUSBAND DEFENDS HIMSELF.

To the Reading Public:

WHEREAS, I, Mr. Bowser, the aforesaid husband of Mrs. Bowser, have, for months and months, quietly submitted to have the subject of my domestic habits dilated upon, the little peculiarities of my character held up before the public by Mrs. Bowser, to become the butt of its ridicule and scorn, and have never even hinted that Mrs. Bowser has peculiarities, not to say faults; therefore, be it understood, right here and now, that I will no longer submit to be the target at which she shoots her double-barreled opprobrium without the inestimable privilege of a like retaliation. Let Mrs. Bowser beware!

I am a kind-hearted man—Mrs. Bowser told you as much when she related my experience with the servant girl—and, not having a large family to engross my attention, my sympathies naturally went out to the overworked, weak, unprotected, and less favored of the human race, and I told Mrs. Bowser that my faults, if faults I had, should "lean to virtue's side." But that ridiculous experience with the servant girl cooked my sympathies to a turn, and I've stowed them away on the pantry's top shelf to be used next winter with the other unmentionable ingredients of Mrs. Bowser's mince pies. So if any of you should chance to partake of the pies, and should afterward feel yourselves *stirred up*, you may guess it's my sympathies that's doing it.

I think I mentioned that ours is not a large family. I will be more exact, and say that our connubial tie that kind of tie used to be all the rage, but I don't think it's quite so popular now) has never been blessed with offspring. Since reading Bill Nye on "Clams," Mrs. Bowser thinks this state of affairs may be "owing to the low temperature of her feet." How true this supposition is I cannot say, but certain it is, Mrs. Bowser has no bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked children.

Should Mrs. Bowser resent this last statement, and, with malice aforethought, tell the public the same thing about me it would be just like all the rest of her talk; she'd be telling you something she don't know anything about. It has always been a wonder to me why women will insist on talking about a subject of which they are as ignorant as a street arab is of water.

When I came home from the club the other night Mrs. Bowser met me at the door, all smiles and kisses—a pleasing change in her mode of greeting, by the way—and when I had divested myself of hat and gloves, glanced hurriedly over the evening paper and was preparing to retire, she informed me that she wished to consult me on a matter very nearly concerning her happiness.

I seated myself in a listening attitude, and she proceeded to inform me that I had a short horn pig, a chester-white cow, and my business to entertain me during the day, and in the evening my club, while she had nothing but the holes in her husband's stockings and the buttons off his shirts. Then she confided to me her plan of adopting some pearly skinned, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired little cherub to solace her lonely hours and keep me up nights administering paregoric and pieces of my mind.

I tried to dissuade her from her project, told her what an expensive piece of furniture a baby is, how many new dresses and sealskin sacques she might have instead, and that she would find running a nurse-girl and a baby a very different thing from running our present establishment and her husband, but all to no purpose. I then enlarged upon the theme, and said that if she was determined to adopt a child, let it be a boy who might become hardened in the treadmill of the world without any great damage being done—one who, if fate decreed, should in time become a bank-cashier or a county commissioner, could run over to Canada and enjoy himself, regardless of the slings and arrows of the fickle fortune he took with him; but, as for making myself the road-supervisor of a baby girl, and ditching and grading and bridging the devious pathways which lead from the cradle to her marriage morn, is a responsibility I did not feel disposed to accept.

"Mrs. Bowser," said I, "it's a thing for serious contemplation—this bringing up a baby girl. Not one woman in a hundred knows how to bring up her own daughters much less other people's. You have a woman's natural intuition? I'll grant all that; but what will natural intuition avail you against an inherited tendency to have her way? You can't judge of the inherited tendencies of a baby girl by the blueness of her eyes any more than you can judge of the healthful condition of the Cook County Jail by the sewer-gas that isn't in it. And just as like as not she will repay your care and kindness by marrying a condemned anarchist or running away with a minister."

But to contend against Mrs. Bowser when once she has decided upon a course of action, is as useless as a policeman half asleep; and before we retired that night it was decided that the baby girl should be adopted forthwith. I only stipulating that all preparations for its advent into the family should be made without troubling me with anything more than the payment of the bills, and that I should see the cherub before it became irrevocably adopted.

In the middle of the night I was torn from the arms of Somnus, who was knitting up my "raveled sleeve of care" while I rested on his bosom, by Mrs. Bowser's pulling my nasal appendage while she stood by the bedside dressed in nervous excitement and her—her—flowing robe of white.

"Get up, Mr. Bowser," she said; "get up, and tell me how you think the spare room on this floor will do for a nursery. I think it will be just the thing, because there is that cozy room you've been using as a private study, opening from it, and that will be so pretty and handy for the nurse girl; and you can have your private study up in the garret or down in the basement, or in the little closet off the end of the hall. It will be so nice to have the nursery just across the hall from our room, so that if the baby gets sick in the night I've heard they sometimes do) I can take care of her myself."

"No, Mrs. Bowser," I said, "I'll not give up my comfortable little study to any green-eyed, freckle-faced, topknotted cherub of a foundlings' home, nor to any loud-mouthed, pugilistic nursemaid, even though she guaranteed to nurse my seed corns into a state of despondency."

"You're a mean, selfish, hateful old crank, so you are," said Mrs. Bowser, "I only wish the Lord had seen fit to make *you* a poor, helpless orphan."

"My father and mother are both dead," sighed I.

"Yes, and your wife soon will be if you go on treating her like this. Dog on it! why can't you ever behave halfway reasonable, and let me take some comfort during the little time I have to live? For my part, Mr. Bowser, I don't see how God could ever make a man, and, after looking at him, pronounce him good. If He had to be your wife for a year, Mr. Bowser, I feel quite sure He'd change His mind. And, Mr. Bowser," she added, as she yanked a quilt from the bed, wrapped herself in it, and rolled sobbing on the floor, "yes, Mr. Bowser, if I can't have the spare room, and the private study for a nursery, I'll go across the street and hire rooms, so I will."

Mrs. Bowser is the same woman whom, on my marriage day, I swore to love, cherish, and protect; she is the woman with whom I spent my honeymoon; she is the woman whom I courted in her latest bloom of youth; she is the woman who makes my house

"GET UP, MR. BOWSER," SHE SAID.

hot for me in cold weather; she has been a good wife to me, and for this *I love her*. The sight of her anguish now was more than I could endure. I crept out from under the warm cover, lifted her in my arms, and laid her in the warm place I had just vacated, kissed away the tears and promised that she should have the spare room, the private study, the whole house, and the barn for a nursery, if she would only forgive me and kiss me again as she had done when I came home that evening. At last she controlled her wild sobbing, calmed her heaving bosom, and consented to forgive me; but, as she dropped off to sleep, I heard her murmur:

"Didn't I know how to bring him to time, though! Tell me I can't manage a baby girl! A woman who can manage Mr. Bowser can manage anything."

N. QUAD.

A Very Considerate Wife.

Husband—"Hattie, why don't you go down to-day and buy you a new dress? You have worn that so long that everybody knows it by heart."

Wife—"So much the better. It would be a pity to disguise myself by appearing in public in a new one."

"But it begins to look shabby."

"I don't mind that. It's neat and clean; and what more should a body desire? Besides, I'd rather have you spend your money on yourself."

"Why, I had a new suit only two months ago."

"And are you never to have another? Come, I like to see a man well dressed. And you see so many people, you know."

"That reminds me. I have been thinking of taking Miss Lusher out to ride. She's one of my old flames, you know."

"Yes, I remember. Carrie is a dear, sweet girl. Take her, by all means. I wouldn't be so mean as to want to monopolize my husband all to myself. And that settles the new suit, too. You must have it. I don't want my husband looking seedy when he's out driving with a young lady. It would mortify Carrie awfully."—*Boston Transcript.*

Tit, Tat, Toe!

THREE LITTLE CULPRITS.

Tit, tat, toe!
Three in a row!
The heavy echo from cheek strikes loud and slow.
Now every little coe
May go and take his fun,
The gentle teacher cries, "for the school is done."
Tit, tat, toe!
All in a row!
Out through the open door the merry children go,
Leaving only three,
Sad as sad can be—
Wretched little culprits with their spellers, as you see!

It frequently happens that painters splash the plate or other glass windows when they are painting the sashes. When such is the case, melt some soda in very hot water and wash them with it, using a soft flannel. It will entirely remove the paint.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Notes on the Lesson for October 30—"The Harvest and the Laborers."

[From Chicago Standard. By Rev. J. H. Coon.]

The lesson for the above date may be found in the ninth chapter of Matthew, from the thirty-fifth to the thirty-eighth verse, and the first eight verses of the tenth chapter. Time, probably A. D. 29, in the winter, near the close of the second year of Christ's ministry. Place, cities and villages of Galilee. It is not known from what village the twelve were sent forth.

SPECIAL MENTION.

The Synagogue.—The synagogue was the local assembly or temple at Jerusalem was the national house of worship of the Jews. The origin of the institution is uncertain. Some Jewish writers have referred it back to the time of the patriarchs, but it probably had its rise during the period of the Babylonian captivity. When, under the direction of Ezra, the ancient order of things was re-established in Judea, synagogues were provided in the larger towns, as places of assembly for religious worship for the benefit of those who could not go to attend the three times a year or less to the Holy City. In the time of our Savior those institutions were very numerous, being found in almost every town and village, however small. They were generally built by the free-will offerings of the community, and were maintained in the same way, or possibly by portions of the tithes. In some instances, as in the case of the pious centurion at Capernaum (Luke vii: 5), they were erected by private munificence.

The Twelve Apostles. "Simon," bearing, "Peter," a stone. "James" (Jacob), that supplants. "John," the grace of Jehovah. "Andrew," manly, a strong man. "Philip," warlike. "Bartholomew," gift of God. (Perhaps the same as Nathaniel, John i: 46). "Matthew," a reward. "Thomas, twin-brother. "Thaddeus," the breast-instilled also "Lebbeus," the heart. Matt. x: 3). "James, the brother of James," (Mark vi: 3, and John xiv, 22). "Simon the Canaanean," (Luke: the zealous one (Zealot, Luke). "Judas Iscariot," a man of murder, or confession, or man of Kerioth. (Josh. xv: 25). The first interpretation strikes the nail on the head, for he committed "Which also betrayed him." He was the traitor from the first. In the three lists of Matthew, Mark and Luke, notice Peter always first, the three leading apostles always in the first division (of four) and James always the last. What a variety of talent is represented in these twelve men! By them Jesus is to conquer the world.

The Apostle Peter. Peter's original name was Simon (i. e., "hearer." At the first meeting with our Lord he was given a new name, from which we have Peter from the Greek and Cephas from the Hebrew, both meaning "a stone" or "rock." His original and his new name were sometimes combined, though he was usually called Peter. Critics have also noted the fact that between the Lord's death and ascension he was more frequently called Simon, and afterwards simply Peter. He was a fisherman upon the Sea of Galilee, and had as partners James and John, their father Zebedee, and his own brother Andrew (Mark 1: 16, 19; Luke v: 10). He was undoubtedly a man of considerable property, and not without education. The statement in Acts 4: 13, quotes that the apostles were not learned in the schools. He was a married man, and lived in his own house or that of his mother-in-law (Matt. viii: 14). But what is of the lowest consequence is that he and his brother John were owners of our Lord. (Alford.)

The Apostle James. He was the brother of John, and of course is not to be confounded with John the Baptist. Several references in the New Testament indicate that his family was one of some wealth and social position (Mark 1: 20; Luke v: 7; John 19: 27). He appears to have accompanied our Lord in His first ministry in Judea, and he is the only one of the evangelists who gives any account of that ministry. He is most closely associated in connection with Peter and James as appears by intimate with Jesus (Matt. 17: 1; Mark v: 37; John 13: 23); and of these three he appears to have been the one most favored by our Lord (Luke 22: 39, 40; 26: 37). He was a man of fervent spirit, as subsequent to the crucifixion is little is known. He went into Asia, exercised a pastoral supervision over the Asiatic churches, was the bishop of Ephesus, and probably died in extreme old age a natural death. (Abbott.)

THE MISSION OF THE TWELVE.

I. Who were sent forth. They were the eleven apostles to whom and their representatives was committed the work of the world's evangelization. Christ's own work was exceedingly limited, but through His apostles it was to be world-wide and strength-ful. But while referring primarily to the apostles, yet it is true that every believer in me who is sent forth—sent forth out of self to all service, to all classes, to all lands.

II. Why they were sent forth. Three general reasons are indicated: (1) Because of the urgent need of suffering humanity; (2) Because of the readiness of the people to receive their message; (3) Because the laborers are so few.

III. By whom they were sent forth. (1) By One who had His eye on the field, (2) Who possessed all power to accomplish His purpose, (3) Who imparted that power to those in association with Him.

4. How they were sent forth. We see this to have been (1) after careful selection, (2) after special preparation, (3) in helpful pairs, (4) with faithful instruction.

5. To what work they were sent forth. We should never forget that preaching was the great work of even the apostles, towering far above all else in importance and permanence. This, after all, was their true and high endowment, and one which, unlike miraculous power, was to be perpetuated through all time. The importance of faithfully performing the service appears both from the character of Him who sent one and from the manner in which the message is to last man. And in this work they were simply continuing and extending what Christ had begun.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS.

1. Missionary effort is the inevitable outgrowth of a genuine compassion for a lost and perishing world.

2. Any church that does not, by prayer and effort, show a missionary spirit, fails to carry out the purpose for which it has been placed in the world. A Christian church will be a Christ-like church. (1 John iv: 17).

3. "And Andrew his brother." How pleasant to see men called from the same home circle to labor side by side in winning souls for Jesus.

4. No one that Christ calls into his service will be left without evidence of authority of his mission. The evidence may not be in the gift of miracles, but it will be manifest in graces equally conclusive.

5. The work upon which the apostles were sent forth, was a work to which they were specially adapted, and for which they had been previously trained.

Subject of Lesson for Nov. 6, "Confessing Christ," Matt. x: 32-42.

THE man who does right more from fear of punishment than from love of right, is not prompted by the highest and purest motives. Once let him be convinced that he is secure from detection, and he is liable to develop into a full-fledged criminal in the twinkling of an eye.

DAUGHTER—Mother, may I go in to bathe? Mother — Yes, my darling daughter; put on that thousand-dollar dress and then sit on the beach and tell a New York reporter describe your bewitching costume, but don't go in the water.—*Tid-Bits.*

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Mr. Gideon Thompson, the oldest and one of the most respected citizens of Bridgeport, Ct., writes: "I am eighty years of age, and for the last three years have suffered from malaria and the effects of quinine poisoning. I received a sample bottle of Kaskine, which I broke up in accordance with directions, and in two weeks increased my weight 22 pounds. I derive from the above personal, giving full details, will be sent on application.

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Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, OCT. 29, 1887.

MRS. GEORGE W. CHILDS' parlor at Wooton is a gem. The carpet is gendarme blue and the mahogany furniture is upholstered in rich dark-brown, with a few odd pieces in white and gold set out. The ornaments on the mantel are few and large. The prevailing color in the scarfs and draperies, stuck here and there on corners of chairs and other articles, is yellow. As befitting a country home, Mrs. Childs has white mull curtains all through the

THE rivalry between Montreal and Quebec long since reached the stage of fervent comparisons about port facilities and transactions. On the one side it is said that Montreal as an ocean port is doomed, but the reply is that Montreal has increased its ocean tonnage 115 per cent. in nine years. Furthermore, in the period of 1876-86 the foreign trade of Montreal, as the *Gazette* declares, has increased $14,439,180, while that of Quebec has declined $3,367,478.

A LADY living at Columbus, Ga., noticed that the dog kept barking as if something was wrong. Finally the dog came to her door and scratched upon it till she opened it. Then he ran under the house, indicating by his action that he desired her to follow him. The woman followed, and discovered a light under the house. She awoke the family, and an investigation showed that some one had placed a bundle of splinters on one of the sleepers. The fire was discovered just in time to save the residence.

NEW SOUTH WALES has sent to the Queen for her approval an act facilitating divorce, which equals the famous Connecticut laws. It provides that whenever husband and wife remain away from each other for three years without personal or written communication, either may get a divorce. Cruelty continued for two years is a legitimate ground against the husband, but not against the wife. A continual habit of drunkenness for two years is, however, a valid plea for either party to put against the other, provided it prevents the husband from providing for the wife or the wife performing her domestic duties. A man, apparently, may keep as drunk as he pleases, provided he gives his wife plenty of money.

EX-SENATOR JONES, of Florida, is undoubtedly dying of brain disease, says an Alabama paper. He was not a temperate man, but harmed himself more than anyone else. In mind as in physique he was robust and masculine. Rising from humble life and honorable toil at the carpenter's bench, he became a great lawyer and noted United States Senator. His aberrations of mind were noticed some years ago, but did not become a public matter until he abandoned his seat in the "house of lords" at Washington and camped out at Detroit. While Mr. Jones was presumed to be in pursuit of a Western heiress, we once asked a Senator what was really the matter with him. He said: "Jones is crazy on several subjects—on religion, on women, on liquor, and on the Constitution. It is a sad case." This unfortunate man had a lovable, genial, almost boyish, temperament, allied to great strength of mind and body. He showed his mettle by the progress made from the bottom of the ladder almost to the top.

Working People

are often to ill to labor, but they havn't time to take medicine and lay off. Simmons Liver Regulator can be taken without causing any loss of time, and the system will be built up and invigorated by it. It has no equal as a preparatory medicine, and can be safely used when a doctor cannot be called in. In all common diseases it will, unassisted by any other medicine, effect a speedy cure.

LISTEN to both sides of a question before you decide.

Many People Refuse to Take Cod Liver Oil on account of its unpleasant taste. This difficulty has been overcome in Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. It being as palatable as milk, and the most valuable remedy known for the treatment of Consumption, Scrofula and Bronchitis. Physicians report our little patients take it with pleasure. Try Scott's Emulsion and be convinced.

ONE of the most uncertain of all things is a sure thing—of the future.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

The Highest Church in Europe.

The very highest church in Europe is the pilgrimage chapel of the St. Maria de Zitori, above Salux, in the canton of Graubunden. It lies 2,434 meters above the sea level—nearly 8,000 feet high above the forest, near the limits of perpetual snow. It is only open during the summer time of that region—or, as the folk thereabouts reckon, from St. John the Baptist's day to St. Michael's day—and is used only by the Alp herders, who remain there through the summer with their cows and goats, and occasionally by hunters in search of the chamois and marmot. All the inhabitants of Salux climb up thither on mid-summer days to assist at the first mass and to hear the first sermon of the year, and there is also a crowded congregation on Michael-mass day, at the last service of the year. From time to time a few stray pilgrims from the Graubunden Oberland and the Tyrol find their way there. The second highest church probably in Europe, that of Monstein, also open in the summer, belongs to Graubunden. At our visit the hale old preacher had five foreign tourists for his congregation.—*Bundner Tagblatt.*

A CHAIR of sanitary engineering, believed to be the only one in existence, has been established in the Imperial University of Japan.

Its Delicacy of Flavor

And the efficacy of its action have rendered the famous California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, immensely popular. It cleanses and tones up the clogged and feverish system, and dispels Headaches and Colds, and Fevers. Large bottles for sale by Thieme and Gross.

Only Practicing.

They were sitting on the sofa in the dim twilight, when he gently stole his arm about her waist. There were a few minutes of silence, she probably waiting for him to make the long-looked-for proposition. It did not come, so she murmured:

"Do you think it right to put your arm about my waist?"

"Yes, I see no wrong," he replied.

"You have a purpose, then, in it?" she whispered.

"A selfish purpose, perhaps," he returned. "I am practicing, so that when I come to the proper person I will not be awkward."

"You will remember, sir, that familiarity breeds contempt," was the angry retort.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

ATH-LO-PHO-ROS — PILLS — are a quick, pleasant, safe and sure cure for disordered liver, or Stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, nervous or general debility, headache lassitude, diseases of Women, &c. Nearly put up 100 for 50c. Athlophoros Remedies are sold by all druggists. Send 8 cents for the beautiful colored picture, the, Address The Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall St. N.Y.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half pound tins by grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

March 12-mwsly

DR. A. C. HOXSIE'S CERTAIN CROUP CURE

Is not a "Cough" [illegible] the tried and tested remedy of [illegible] physician, in regular [illegible]

THE KING OF REMEDIES

CROUP, COUCHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, &c.

And ACKNOWLEDGES NO COMPETITOR.

[illegible] and TWENTY-FIVE cents.

FITS STOPPED FREE

[illegible] Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER

[illegible]

March 3 wsmd & w1yr.

Tutt's Pills

CURE CONSTIPATION.

Too much health one should have regular evacuations every twenty four hours. The evils, both mental and physical, resulting from

HABITUAL CONSTIPATION

are too well known to require mention. Over the cure of these distressing troubles Tutt's Liver Pills have gained a popularity unparalleled. 3 Hygienic sugar coated.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

$6 a Day--A Gold Mine

For agents. Intrinsic Money Makers. Rarest [illegible] ever offered. A golden harvest for [illegible] one months. $25 Per Month and [illegible] to active men to sell our goods. No capital required. No peddling. Sample case of goods and valuable information and full particulars FREE. No humbugs; we mean just what we say. Address at once, STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., Boston, Mass. Oct 26-d & w2m.

D.r BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Influenza, Pain in the Chest, Pleurisy, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Influenza, Pain in the Chest, Pleurisy, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Tonsilitis, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma

A Boon

To mankind, said a member of the State Medical Society of Ga., at one of its meetings, "and the prescription ought to be given to the medical fraternity for the benefit of the Profession, for no such combination exists in the Pharmacopeia as that of Simmons Liver Regulator." The late THOS. H. POWERS, of Philadelphia, America's greatest chemist, asserted "it was like the discovery of Dover, in his celebrated Dover's Powder, it could not be improved and it was wonderfully strange that the combination had never been made in an official form."

L. M. HYSTON, M. D., Washington, Ark., says: "No other remedy within my knowledge can fill its place. I have been prescribing medicine for twenty years, and have never been able to put up a vegetable compound that would, like Simmons Liver Regulator, promptly and effectively move the Liver to action and at the same time and (instead of weakening) the digestive powers."

Symptoms such as bitter or bad taste in the mouth; pain in the back, often mistaken for Rheumatism; sour stomach; loss of appetite; bowels alternately costive and lax; headache; loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; debility; low spirits; a thick yellow appearance of the skin and eyes; a dry cough often mistaken for Consumption, indicate Liver disease, and if not regulated in time great suffering, wretchedness and death will often ensue.

Price $1. Sold by all Druggists. Prepared by J. H. ZEILIN & Co., Philadelphia, Pa

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "gone-ness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flashes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complicating or dependent upon the affection of the lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, yet perfectly safe, blood-purifying medicine. Great Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influences. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Tumors, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send for 64 cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleansed by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery**, and good digestion, a fair degree of health, vital strength and solid flesh will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofula of the Lungs**, is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over the terribly fatal disease, which used to carry off one-seventh of our population, it has received the name of **Consumption Cure**. But for all diseases of the throat, lungs, and blood, short of confirmed consumption, it is a sovereign remedy. Its wonderful power to cure Coughs, Severe Coughs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Sold by Druggists, at $1.00, or Six Bottles for $5.00.

Send 10 cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,

663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

LADIES

Do Your Own Dyeing, at Home, with

PEERLESS DYES.

They will dye everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c. a package—40 colors. They have no equal for strength, brightness, amount in packages or for fastness of color, or non-fading qualities. Why do not crock or smut. For sale by Thieme & Grose, druggists and chemists, 96 Calhoun st., and H. W. Morehurst, druggist and apothecary, 74 Calhoun st. mar 8-dawly.

THE WHEEL.

Notes and Items of Interest for the Bicycler to Peruse.

Theo. Meyer has returned to college at Boston.

Dr. Geo. A. Ross took a ride by moonlight one evening this week.

Ed Price has exchanged his Columbia light roadster for a full roadster.

Theo. Haberkorn handles his Safety with skill. He rides every pleasant day.

We would like to see Charley Guild exercise his 56-inch bicycle a little more.

G. P. Mills and R. Tingey accomplished the remarkable feat of riding 301 miles in 24 hours.

Fred Hoham has not yet packed his grip and taken to the road. Too much work in the house just now.

Bicycle riding by moonlight is delightful. The past week has offered many opportunities for this kind of wheeling.

Arthur Pullen is able to be up, but is not strong enough to go to work. We will be glad to see him resume his old duties.

A. L. Bowern, who rode 150 miles in 10 hours, 18 minutes and 29 2-5 seconds used a Humber tricycle weighing less than thirty pounds.

O. L. Perry mounted his bike yesterday morning, the first time in two weeks, and had a delightful spin through the city. Mr. Perry only uses one hand in his riding at present.

We are pleased to learn that John Hanna has secured a good position with T. J. Nolton & Co. John is an energetic and useful man. We wish him success in his new place.

Joe Heit contemplated a trip to Rome City via wheel last Saturday. The thermometer, however, registered too near zero, to agree with Joe's ideas of "solid comfort," so he gave it up.

Ed Kinnaird and Elliott Shultze did not finish their trip to Wabash last Friday. Mr. Shultze's Champion broke at the head, which prevented further riding, and Mr. Kinnaird had the misfortune to take a fall.

Sam. P. Hollingsworth made another attempt to break the 100 mile road record (now held by Dingley) on October 20, but he failed, falling from his machine in the 75th mile and being assisted to his quarters on a tandem.

The November number of *Outing* will be published under the new management, who promise wheelmen more bicycle news and will also continue the publication of Thomas Steven's article, "Around the World on a Bicycle."

Will Shorey surprised the boys. He was quietly married yesterday afternoon to Miss Tagtmeyer in his own house, which he had purchased and furnished some time previous to the happy event. The young couple have our best wishes.

Dr. Edward J. Doubet, of Cleveland, Ohio, a prominent member of the Cleveland Bicycle club, started, on Friday, the 22nd inst, to beat the twenty-four hour bicycle record of the state of Ohio, which was 176 miles. The route chosen by the doctor was from Wapakoneta to St. Mary's, thence to New Bremen, thence to New Knoxville and back by the Luderbeck pike to St. Mary's and to Wapakoneta. He started at 7:30 a. m. from Wapakoneta and rode over these roads for twenty-four hours. At 6:40 p. m. he had completed 100 miles against heavy headwinds and took supper at Wapakoneta. After supper, he again started and by 7:30 a. m., Saturday morning, he had completed ninety miles making 190 miles in twenty-four hours, the best record in the state of Ohio. He rides a fifty-six inch Victor light roadster, and is considered the best rider in the Cleveland Bicycle club. Mr. Doubert's brother passed through Fort Wayne some time ago, and will be pleasantly remembered by a number of our wheelmen, who escorted him over our excellent pikes and through the city. We are pleased to mention his brother's wonderful ride.

Syrup of Figs.

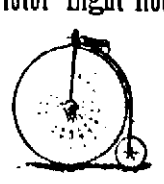
Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Co., San Francisco, Cal., is Nature's own true laxative. This pleasant California liquid fruit remedy may be had of Theime and Gross, druggists, large bottles at fifty cents or one dollar. It is the most pleasant, prompt, and effective remedy known to cleanse the system; to act on the Liver, Kidneys, and bowels gently yet thoroughly; to dispel Headaches, Colds and Fevers; to cure Constipation, Indigestion, and kindred ills.

The quality of a man's Christianity is tested when he steps on a banana skin.

I have not used all of one bottle yet, I suffered from catarrah for twelve years experiencing the nauseating dropping in the throat peculiar to that disease, and nose bled almost daily. I tried various remedies without benefit until last April, when I saw Ely's Cream Balm advertised in the Boston *Budget*. I procured a bottle, and since the first days' use have had no more bleeding—the soreness is entirely gone. D. G. Davidson, with the Boston *Budget*, formerly with Boston *Journal*.

FITS! All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St. Phila. Pa.

New Victor Light Roadster



TRUE TANGENT WHEEL

Handsomest and Strongest Bicycle in the market.

HARRY KEPLINGER, Agent.

SCRATCHED 28 YEARS.

A Scaly, Itching Skin Disease with Endless Suffering Cured by Cuticura Remedies.

If I had known of the Cuticura Remedies twenty-eight years ago it would have saved me $200.00 (two hundred dollars) and an immense amount of suffering. My disease (Psoriasis) commenced on my head in a spot not larger than a cent. It spread rapidly all over my body and got under my nails. The scales would drop off of me all the time, and my suffering was endless, and without relief. One thousand dollars would not tempt me to have this disease ever again. I am a poor man, but feel rich to be relieved of what some of the doctors said was leprosy, some ring worm, psoriasis, etc. I took and Sarsaparillas over one year and a half, but no cure. I went to two or three doctors and no cure. I cannot praise the Cuticura Remedies too much. They have made my skin as clear and free from scales as a baby's. All I used of them was three boxes of Cuticura, and three bottles of Cuticura Resolvent, and two cakes of Cuticura soap. If you had been here and said you would have cured me for $200.00, you would have had the money. I looked like the picture in your book of Psoriasis (picture number two "How to Cure Skin Diseases"), but now I am as clear as any person ever was. Through force of habit I rub my hands over my arms and legs to scratch once in a while but to no purpose. I am all well. I scratched twenty-eight years, and it got to be a kind of second nature to me. I thank you a thousand times, and nothing more that you want to know write me, or any one who reads this may write to me and I will answer it.

DENNIS DOWNING.

Waterbury, Vt., Jan. 5th, 1887.

Psoriasis, Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Lichen, Pruritus, Scald Head, Milk Crust, Dandruff, Barbers', Bakers', Grocers' and Washerwoman's Itch, and every species of Itching, Burning, Scaly, Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, and Blood, with Loss of Hair, are positively cured by Cuticura the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier internally, when physicians and all other remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price: Cuticura, 50 cents; Cuticura Soap, 25 cents; Cuticura Resolvent, $1.00. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black heads, chapped and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Medicated Soap.

Catarrhal Dangers.

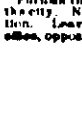
To be freed from the dangers of suffocation while lying down; to breathe freely, sleep soundly and undisturbed; to rise refreshed, head clear, brain active and free from pain or ache; to know that no poisonous, putrid matter defiles the breath and rots away the delicate machinery of smell, taste and hearing; to feel that the system does not, through its veins and arteries, suck up the poison that is sure to undermine and destroy, is indeed a blessing beyond all other human enjoyments. To purchase immunity from such a fate should be the object of all afflicted. But those who have tried many remedies and physicians despair of relief or cure.

Sanford's Radical Cure meets every phase of Catarrh, from a simple head cold to the most loathsome and destructive stages. It is local and constitutional. Instant in relieving pernanent in curing, safe, economical and never-failing.

Sanford's Radical Cure consists of one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box of Catarrhal Solvent, and one Improved Inhaler, all wrapped in one package, with treatise and directions, and sold by all druggists for $1.00. Potter Drug & Chemical Co., Boston.

No Rheumatiz About Me,

IN ONE MINUTE



The Cuticura anti-pain plaster, relieves Rheumatic, Sciatic, Sudden, Sharp and Nervous Pains, Strains and Weaknesses. The first and only pain-killing plaster. Now original, instantaneous, infallible, safe. A marvellous Antidote to Pain, Inflammation and Weakness. Utterly unlike and vastly superior to all other plasters. At all druggists, 25 cents; five for $1.00; or, postage free, of Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

THE INCURABLE CURED!

HOPKINSVILLE, Ky., Feb. 24, 1887.

Gentlemen: Seven years ago a sore developed on my nose from a finger nail scratch. I tried a few simple remedies, but the sore would not heal. I grew worse every year for seven years. Many doctors I had at different times, but they did me no good. Before I was in very poor health, and could hardly drag about. After I had finished the course of S. S. S. I was strong and buoyant, and had a good appetite. I found it as a most valuable medicine for ladies in weak, delicate health. It is a household medicine with me. Yours respectfully,

MRS. R. W. WILSON.

STANTON'S MO, S. C., April 2, 1887.

Gentlemen—For twenty years I have had a sore on my left cheek. It had gradually been growing worse. The many physicians whom I had consulted were unable to do me any good. Last fall a year ago I began using S. S. S. At first it inflamed the sore, and it became more troublesome, but not much so, indeed, that my family insisted that I should leave off the medicine. I persisted in using the S. S. S. At the end of two months the sore was entirely healed. Believing that it would wash out of my constitution, I left off the medicine; but in November, less than a year after, a small inflammation appeared. I at once began using S. S. S., and now that is also disappearing. I have every faith in S. S. S. It has done me more good than all the doctors and other medicines I ever took. Yours truly,

A. J. SAXON.

WESTON, S. C., April 5, 1887.

Gentlemen: Last winter I was taken with a cold that settled in my throat. It was accompanied by a severe cough. I tried several remedies without relief. I then commenced the use of S. S. S., which I continued in the proper dose with the happiest result. The cough essentially disappeared, there being no evidence of it. I think a thorough course of S. S. S. will cure any deep-seated cough. I have used it in my family in case of a child with whooping cough, and it relieved it at once. I look upon S. S. S. as a most excellent blood purifier. I am 52 years old, and for a long time was troubled with a rheumatic affection. I took several bottles of S. S. S. The result has been a complete cure. The effect on cancer is to destroy the parasites which feed upon the cancer. From that day I have been free from the disease. S. S. S. Specific blood purifier not only thoroughly regenerated my system, but greatly increased my appetite, and perfected my digestion. In a word, I feel like a new woman, and feel as if the past year were a mere nightmare. Yours sincerely,

MRS. W. P. CANNON.

Treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

WHITE Bronze Monuments

Are Beautiful,

And do not decay like stone. Investigate before purchasing.

LONGACRE & CO.,

No. 46 Harrison Street,

Fort Wayne, - - Ind.

Jan. 19 d&w1y.

SCHEUMANN & SCHOPPMANN,

Funeral Directors and Embalmers.

No. 39 West Main Street,

Fort Wayne, - - - Indiana.

Furnish the finest Hearses and Carriages in the city. Night calls receive prompt attention. Leave orders at Winkelmeyer Bros.' office, opposite our rooms. Apr 25-dmo.

AMUSEMENT.

MASONIC TEMPLE,

MONDAY, OCTOBER 31!

EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE!

OLIVER BYRON

Supported by the Charming Artiste

-:-KATE BYRON-:-

In the Powerful Romantic drama, the

Inside -:- Track.

An Emphatic Success in two hemispheres!

The Famous Byron Combination of Players in their Natural Characterizations!

Prices, 25, 50 and 75 Cts.

Seats now on sale.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC

THE PEOPLE'S POPULAR THEATRE.

COOK & THOMPSON, - - - - - Managers.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 31.

A WORLD OF FUN.

Engagement of the Eminent German Dialect Comedian, Vocalist and Dancer,

Mr. Charles A. Loder!

Supported by a Company of Comedians, in the Latest Laughing Success,

HILARITY

Fun, Music, Mirth and Melody. During the action of the comedy many pleasing medleys, duets, dances and some of the most popular musical numbers will be introduced. Special scenery, stage settings, properties, etc.

Admission, 20, 30 & 50c.

Reserved seats at Woodworth's.

DR. JAMES M. DINNEN,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office, 76 Calhoun street.

Residence, 80 West Wayne street.

COMPARE, THEN JUDGE!

Before buying a Coal Stove be sure and see the

Radiant Home!

Which for powerful heating qualities, marvelous smoothness of iron, perfection of mounting, beauty of design, and cleanliness is not equalled. Above also applies to

THE MONITOR AND CHAMPION

Ranges all for sale only by

W. E. GRIFFITH,

At the Broadway Hardware Store, Oct 1 eod2mo.

Arrival and Departure of Trains

PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY.

Under Schedule in Effect May 1, 1887.

Trains leave the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago station at Fort Wayne as follows:

(STANDARD TIME.)

EASTBOUND—For Pittsburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York, *6:50 a. m., *2:05 p. m., *9:00 p. m., *9:00 p. m., *1:45 a. m.

WESTBOUND—For Chicago, *5:00 a. m., *12:45 p. m., *5:15 p. m., *1:30 a. m. Chicago accommodation leaves at 6:30 a. m. For Plymouth, *8:00 p. m.

*Daily.

†Daily, except Sunday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.

(Fort Wayne Division.)

FROM NORTH.			GOING SOUTH.
10 45 am	Ar	Cincinnati Ex.	Lv.
	"	Detroit Ex.	" 4 40 pm
3 40 pm	"	Detroit Ex.	" 11 30 am
8 20 pm	"	Way Freight	" 8 40 am

All trains daily except Sunday.

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE

FROM SOUTH			GOING SOUTH
9 30 pm	Ar	Ind. & Cin. Ex.	Lv 5 30 pm
4 10 pm	"	Cin. & L. Mail.	" 10 50 am
5 30 pm	"	Freight	" 5 30 am
8 00 pm	"	Freight	" 8 00 am

Trains daily except Sunday.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R.

GOING EAST.		GOING WEST.
Lv. 2 30 pm	Express	Lv. 2 00 pm
Lv. 6 10 am	Accommodation.	Lv. 8 45 pm

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

Time Table for Fort Wayne, in Effect Oct., 1887.

GOING NORTH.

For Grand Rapids and North	Lv.	2:40 am
" " "	"	8:05 am
For Grand Rapids	"	2:10 pm
From Grand Rapids	Ar.	6:20 pm

GOING SOUTH.

For Richmond and Cincinnati	Lv.	8:35 am
" "	"	1:00 pm
" "	"	11:20 "
From "	Ar.	6:25 pm

Trains daily except Sunday.

WABASH RAILWAY.

WESTWARD.

No.		Arrive	Depart
45	Pacific Ex. daily	5 05am	5 10am
41	Mail & Ex's, ex Sy	1 45am	1 50pm
43	East Mail, daily	8 14pm	8 17pm
W.	Andrews ac. frt.	.....	8 35am

EASTWARD.

No.		Arrive	Depart
42	N. Y. Ex. daily	4 25am	4 30am
44	ma., & Ex's, ex Sy	1 35pm	1 45pm
46	Limited Ex's daily	6 25pm	6 30pm
72	Indiana ac. frt.	.....	5 40am

Through New York Palace Sleeping cars, Dining car and new free chair cars on 42 and 43.

Free chair cars, dining car and Buffalo sleeping car on 44 and 46.

Geo. R. Bowen.

Plumbing,

Steamfitting,

Sewering

Particular attention given to

Sanitary Plumbing and Sewering.

Bath Tubs, Boilers, Water Closets Sinks, Hydrants, Yard Hose, Brass Trimmings for Engines, Etc,

NO. 110 CALHOUN ST.

To Farmers & Timber Men.

Wanted by N. G. OLDS & SONS.

At their factory, corner of Lafayette and Toledo streets, south of the Wabash Railway track,

Second growth Hickory Butts.
Second growth Elm Butts.
Hickory, Oak and Ash Logs.
Oak and Hickory Spokes.

For particulars and prices apply at our office.

N. G. OLDS & SONS. 7-1m

DR. MANVILLE,

THE EMINENT PHYSICIAN AND SPECIALIST

Lately Arrived from London, England.

Has Opened Office Parlors at 32 East Wayne Street, Arrived Oct. 3, Will stay Till Nov. 10

The Doctor is a graduate of three different Medical Colleges, both European and American, as his Diplomas will show; and he has been highly honored by other Colleges and Universities as well.

His Reputation is International. He has practiced nearly a quarter of a century. He treats all diseases of the Eye and Ear, all Specific, Nervous, Chronic Diseases and Deformities, of men, women and children, and the Opium and Morphine habit. Dr. Manville diagnoses diseases by an entirely different method from that pursued by ordinary physicians and specialists. He never asks a patient his disease, but by a peculiar method reads and tells every disease, complication and symptom better than the patient can; and that without asking a question. It is

TRULY ASTONISHING!

Even physicians wonder at it and take critical cases to him for a final decision. The great question with them is: How Does He Do It? The internal parts of a patient seem to be as clear and plain to him as the external, but just how he obtains such a marvelous knowledge of his patient's condition, no one seems to understand, or be able to describe. That he does it in every case, no one doubts. Some seem to think that the Doctor is gifted with supernatural powers; that no ordinary man could give such remarkable descriptions of strangers as he does. Be that as it may, this curious feature of his practice alone, is bringing him thousands of grateful patients; many of whom declare that his wonderful diagnostic skill and power in performing cures is

Positively Miraculous

The most skeptical are convinced and astonished.

Sufferers from Nervous Debility and Blood Diseases and complaints of either sex, requiring Special Treatment, cured in a few days or weeks without interfering with their work.

HUNDREDS OF MEN.

are afflicted with Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, and Impotency, brought on by various causes, such as venereal excesses and diseases, occupations requiring a straining and stooping position, and especially the unnatural abuses of the sexual functions, the SOLITARY HABIT so often indulged in youth without knowing the terrible results.

Young man, Stop! Look this matter square in the face, think, consider what you are doing. Waste no time and money with ignorant or unskillful pretenders, who trifle with you month after month, treating symptoms only, with Bromide of Potassium compounds that impoverish your blood, deadens your nerves; stupefy your mind and relieve nothing—but your pocket book. Such poisonous drugging

MAKES YOU WORSE.

We can prove by hundreds of cases on record that bromide mixtures swollen given for fits and lost manhood, seldom, if ever, cure fits, but almost always destroy manhood and ruin the mind. Bromide of Potassium and Gelsemium are the main remedies used. Given for seminal weakness &c., to control syncope while you take them. They never touch the cause or effect a CURE. The unhappy victim goes on from bad to worse, reaching at last the most deplorable and horrible condition of humanity imaginable. A Lost Mind—a helpless Idiot or raving maniac, made so by the action of these poisons on the blood and brain, as well as by the disease. In fact, these remedies are worse even than the disease. Let Them Alone.

In all such cases we guarantee a speedy restoration to healthy, strong and vigorous manhood. Microscopical examinations of the urine made in all these cases. We make NO EXPERIMENTS and very few failures. We guarantee all curable cases.

Electric Medication and the NEW METHOD TREATMENT enables us to effect WONDERFUL CURES.

DISEASES OF WOMEN.

Every maid, wife and mother who has dragged an aching back and head through weary years; deserves our utmost sympathy, and may depend on getting the most careful, skillful and successful medical treatment that can be given. Twenty years study and practice in diseases of women, both in Europe and America, has convinced me that eight out of ten American women suffer from some of the following complaints peculiar to the sex: Irregularity of the menses, too free, too scant, or painful, leucorrhea, (whites,) vaginitis, metritis, endometritis, ulcerations, displacements, falling of the womb, anteversion, retroversion, laterversion, ante and retroflexions, producing constipation, or produced by it; uterine and ovarian tumors, fibroma and sarcoma cysts, cancers of the womb or its appendages. Frequent or scanty urination, with burning, smarting or itching tenderness, soreness, bloating and backache, eruptions of the skin, pimples, blotches, brown spots, yellow spots, red spots, greasy, pasty, waxy, or chlorotic appearances, and discolorations of the skin, with blue or dark circles around the eyes. Nature is true; she displays her signs and signals the approach of the grim enemy of life, disease. Look sharply into your mirrors; be not deceived, for these signs and symptoms mean weakness, nervousness, irritability, wakefulness, indigestion, headaches, forgetfulness, partial paralysis, sterility, melancholy, hysteria, wasting, consumption, catalepsy, St. Vitus dance, fits, derangements, insanity and suicide. Many ladies, especially young ladies, are so timid and excessively modest that they hesitate and put off calling on a physician until they are past curing. Mothers should learn more of their daughter's ailments, banish from their minds a dread of examination, for ladies do not have to tell them complaints to Dr. Manville; no unpleasant questions are asked; no objectionable examinations are made; no painful local treatments are given. In most cases ladies can use our local remedies themselves, where it is needed.

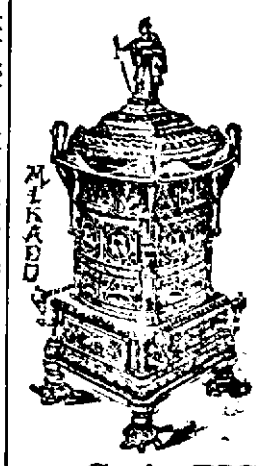
While Dr. Manville was on the Medical Staff of the Woman's Hospital, in New York, he was especially noted for great success in treating all diseases peculiar to women.

For the weak and feeble women, and those not in a condition to rear a family, Dr. Manville's "Germicide and Women's Friend," will prove a blessing indeed. Nearly three thousand ladies have called, or sent for it, and used it successfully. It is the greatest remedy known in Europe or America for "Female Weakness." Call now, before it is TOO LATE.

Extraordinary cases require extraordinary skill and experience.

Health and strength will make you happier and more independent than money. Study your own interests. Be not penny-wise and pound-foolish. Our terms will be made satisfactory to all; charges as moderate as we can in justice to ourselves and patients make them.

Consultation and examination free. Office hours 8 a. m. till 9 p. m. Office parlors at 32 East Wayne street.



STOVES! STOVES! STOVES

Of every description and variety. The LARGEST STOCK and the LOWEST PRICES ever offered in Fort Wayne. Call and see our elegant line of

Base Burners!

C. A. PICKARD & CO.,

29 East Columbia St. - - - - - Fort Wayne, Ind.

L. O. HULL,

IS NOW SELLING

Wall Paper

Cheaper than any firm in the city. Now is the time to buy.

NO. 90 CALHOUN STREET.

TOMMY ANSWERS.

BY ANNA CREES PETTSCH.

ATS belongs tu cwadrupeds In natcheral Histori. Inny thing that stands up on 4 Feat is cauld A cwadrooped. thats the way the skulemom Explaned it too us follers, the other Da. Intt when i askd Hur if A Bedstod Was a cwadrooped, shee gav me a black Mark fur it. mi Bruther joshoway ses, shee Has got Lots of booke Lurning and Wil maik A Rattling smart Wuman when she Gits marrid. Josh ses, thea Girls round heer Aint the kind hee Wants Fur His wife; he wants wone that wil shine Ahed of aul the Rest. so the Uther follers will Envi him when Hee takes her out into kompny. cats is marked And figgered off In diffrunt waise. sum is longstreeked, speckeld, strypid, or spotted in patches. Uthers is wone koller Aul over. maltee kats is The moast stylish looking. Cats is Good tu keap thee plaice cleer of Rats and mice; And thay is yooseful tu Ete up thee Vittels what is left over from Diner. cats is fond of musick, but thare singing aint verry sweete, it spiles fokes sleap. Cats and Dugs donte git along tugether verry well. the cats moast allwais git thee upper Hand of thee Dawgs. mi Bruther joshaway ses Cats is jest like sum marrid wimmin; tha aint so bigg as thare men but thay boss them round jest thee saim. when kitens is Big enuf too ete meet, the Old cat brings hoam gofers, squerrels And streekid snakes too them. if shee kan git A chance too clime into thea buttry Windo, she brings them sum fride Chickun And roaste beaf, gofers And streekid snakes aint fit tu ete, but squerrells maik goode Pott Pi. in the Faul of thee yeer me And joshaway go Hunting. we go acrost Lots into thee Woods when Pa thinks we Are too work. When Hee finds it out, hee maiks the Fur fly, but us boys Donte kair; we git thee pott pi jest thee saim. Every Time mi Pa goes fur me And Josh, my ma stands up fer us. shee ses tu Pa: "remembur, my deer, yoo onct Was young yureself; let ju-tis bee Tempurd with mercy. The onroolest boys alwais maik the steddyest Men." i go by what mi ma sais, caus i gess Shee knose. its Wimmins dooti tu uphold thare Boys, if thay hav got enny. If thay donte doo that, thay donte Deserve to Have enny. I hurd mi Ma tel wone of thee Naburs, how Pa yoosed tu kari on When he was yung. when Hee And sum uther fellers wanted A holler Day, tha vused to Fit roundie peeces of paist bord into the skoole house stave Pipe, so that skool cwalent keap, on Ac ount of the smoak, And thay hauled old Man smiths Cob slav outa Tie tops of thee town Pump. so He had tu git out the Labers too Help him talk It down, and when thee mini tur cum to His mothers hous A visiting, and stade aul Nite, tu Pa stretched A stout string rite Acrost the stare Way, neer the Top, after the Ministur had gon tu Bedd. neekst morning, when hee cum down, Hee went A kiting cleer down into thee Bord. it Hurt His liver inwardly And spoiled his Helth, so sumbodda Elz had too preech in his plaice. Aul them Things pa yoosed to du; so its purfeeth propper fur josh and me to Do sumthing rong onct in a While. cats is A beest of prae. Thay is found In sivilised countryes, whare thay can git A chance tu lick thee creem off thee milk. The skulemom ses, Cats cause is Bestracktile. that meens thay can pull them in or Stick them out just as thay tuk A Notion. josh ses, them Big Words thee skulemom uses is A sune sines is A hvir Elgukatid yung lady. when cats Has got moar kitens than fokes want, thay give sum of them Away to thee Naburs what haint Got enny.

TOMMY.

Smart Alecks.

MY DEAR NEPHEW: Not a few men there are who think they have learned it all. But sooner or later the fact forces itself though their craniums that they haven't. Let me give you a bit of my own experience. When I was about eighteen I used to think that my father was a terrible old fogy, at least twenty years behind the times, and wonderfully stupid besides. I remember the first few business deals I had on my own account, that father ventured to give me his opinion concerning them; but as I plainly gave him to understand that I did not consider his suggestions very valuable, he very wisely, as I see it now, let me alone. I went on in this way for a time, until finally I noticed that the old fellow's ideas were not so bad after all, and I began to change my opinions; in fact, I half admitted to myself that father wasn't such a fool as I had thought he was. And so, the older I got the more I became convinced of that fact. By the time I was twenty I always listened to what father had to say, and I can remember now that when I had reached thirty I would not think of entering into a project of any importance without first consulting father and asking his opinion. I found that he had already been over the same ground I was traveling and that his experience and observations were worth a great deal to me. It was like being given a short look into the future; father had been there before, and when I came along going the same road, he knew better where to drive than I did. I tell you many a young man to-day makes a mistake in not paying closer attention to what father says, and in not oftener asking his advice about matters. I am not writing this, George, because I think you are in need of this sort of advice, for I know you are not, but just to show you how those "smart fellows" that you mentioned in your letter start out and how they usually end. Conceit and ignorance, we call it "cheek" now a days, will carry a man along apparently all right for a short time, but he will "cork" himself sooner or later—and generally sooner.

Of course I like to see a man have opinions of his own, and to have the courage to defend them; but the fellow who knows he is right is usually wrong, for the simple reason that he has not fully investigated. Hasty and dogmatic assertions are the chief characteristics of some men's conversational abilities, but they are not men noted either for their wisdom or their veracity. Haven't you noticed this? Yours cordially, UNCLE SAM.

Fascinating Fads.

OWER crowns on the bonnets, more and more eccentric brims on the hats, and ribbons used with the utmost prodigality everywhere, these are some of the most prominent features of the fall millinery. Among colors, we have the many shades denominated as gravish-blue, blue-gray, etc. These, although they approximate the same tints, are called by a great many different names. For example, we have

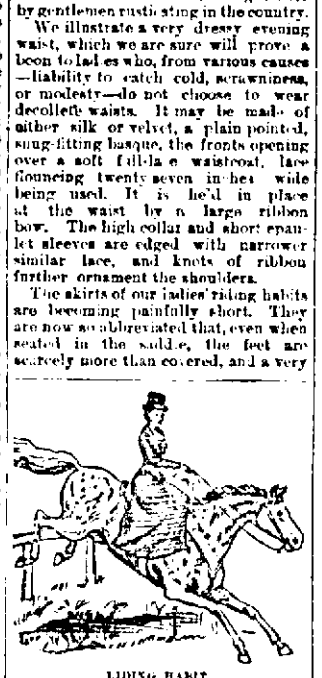
JERSEYS.

Sevres, Saxony, Gobelin, serpent, etc., etc., ad infinitum.

Peasant waists are much sought after by gentlemen rusticating in the country.

We illustrate a very dressy evening waist, which we are sure will prove a boon to ladies who, from various causes—liability to catch cold, scrawniness, or modesty—do not choose to wear decollete waists. It may be made of either silk or velvet, a plain pointed, snug-fitting basque, the fronts opening over a soft full-la e waistcoat, lace flouncing twenty seven inches wide being used. It is held in place at the waist by a large ribbon bow. The high collar and short epaulet sleeves are edged with narrower similar lace, and knots of ribbon further ornament the shoulders.

The skirts of our ladies' riding habits are becoming painfully short. They are now so abbreviated that, even when seated in the saddle, the feet are scarcely more than covered, and a very



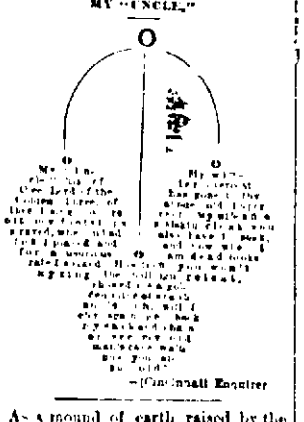
RIDING HABIT.

slight hitch to the skirt while walking is all that is necessary to raise it from the ground. It is not so graceful as the old-time flowing habit. The present habit is very plain, even the chemisette, allowable so short a time ago, is not now worn. The hat to be used is either a round glossy silk one, similar to a gentleman's "plug" hat, sans veil, or else a jaunty little Derby.

Stockings will be worn this season; also shoes. Dresses will be worn short by members of the ballet. Trousers continue a popular article of apparel among the gentlemen.

BREAKFAST TOILET.

MY "UNCLE."



—[Cincinnati Enquirer

As a mound of earth raised by the ants on the sands in the hour glass, so religion, learning, and riches increase only by degrees.

NEVER does a man betray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another.—*Richter.*

THE use of the corset is traced back six centuries, and it was then, as now, an object of nature.

A Remarkable Trick.

Thirty years ago one of the most famous elephants that traveled in this country was "Old Columbus." During one of his summer trips through Virginia he stopped at the town of D——. In the neighboring town of H—— a boy familiarly called "Dave," and notorious for leadership in all kinds of mischievous tricks, determined to show off before the other boys at "Old Columbus'" expense, and invited several of his companions to go with him.

Having come to the elephant's stable, Dave gave him, first, candy, then cake, and finally cried: "Now, Lovs!" and slipped a piece of tobacco into his proboscis, intending to get out of danger and enjoy "Old Columbus'" disgust and anger.

But, before he could move, Columbus seized him and whirled him upward through the opening overhead against the roof of the stable.

Unhurt by his unexpected "rise," Dave dropped on the hay-mow. The other boys supposing this to be the "trick" promised them, cried out in admiration:

"Dave, Dave, do that again!"

Dave, comfortably seated out of harm's way, very earnestly answered:

"No, Lovs! I only do *that* trick once a day!"—*Youth's Companion.*

A Pleasant Neighborhood.

"Is that family that has moved in next door neighborly?" asked one Sioux Falls woman of another.

"Yes, they appear to be. They've borrowed flour of me twice, tea once, and sugar three times. Then they have got our coffee-mill and one tub and the hatchet and two lengths of stovepipe and the baby carriage, and the woman empties all her slops over the fence in our yard and I see her clothes on our line."

"I shouldn't think you would like to have them borrow things so much and act quite so free."

"Oh, I don't worry much about it. We've got their mop and about half of their dishes and their rolling-pin and washing-machine, and the other day I borrowed ten sticks of wood from them and each afternoon our hired girl puts on better clothes than the woman has to her back and walks up and down on the sidewalk, and to-night I'm going to put out poison for their dog. Oh, we're getting along very nicely, and I think they are going to be very pleasant neighbors. This always was a splendid neighborhood."—*Dakota Bell.*

The Ideal Ideal of a Family Medicine.

A remedy which promptly and completely relieves ailments of such common occurrence as indigestion, constipation, biliousness, and disorders of a malarial type, is assuredly the best ideal of a family medicine. Such is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is not only capable of eradicating these complaints, but also counteracting a tendency to kidney troubles, rheumatism, and premature decadence of stamina. Taking it "all round," as the phrase is, there is probably not in existence so useful, effective, and agreeable a household panacea as the Bitters. Nor is it less highly esteemed by the medical profession than by the families of America. Numberless testimonials from professional sources of irreproachable authority evince its merit. The demand for it is real, no less than in the land of its discovery, is certainly increasing. Time and experience of its beneficent effects confirm all the high opinion originally formed of it.

"Half Our Knowledge We Must Snatch, Not Take."

"Yes, sir," remarked Mr. Roundtrip, "I am a poor man, and the only fortune I can give my children is an education, and that they have. Edward is entitled to write D. D. after his name, Alfred and Clara each write M. A. after theirs, and little Timothy is an A. B., all my children are university bred."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the new minister, looking at the children in amazement.

"Yes, indeed," replied the father proudly.

"Harvard, Mr. Roundtrip?" suggested the new minister.

"No," said the father, "they took the four weeks' course at Chautauqua."—*Burdette.*

BEAUTIFUL woman, from whence came thy bloom,
Thy beam ng eye, thy features fair?
What kindly hand on thee was laid—
Endowing thee with beauty rare?
"'Twas none ever than," the dame replied,
"Once pale I was as ever chosen feauties bold;
The 'Favorite Prescription' of Dr. Pierce
Wrought the wonderous change which you behold."

Tödtliche, Verführung. Gelehrt, Kopfschmerz. Schwindel, Ohnmacht, Nervenschwäche und Leiden jeder Art, alle diese Uebel können und müssen durch Hostetter's Magenbitter geheilt werden, obwohl Aerzte und Quacksalber alle Mittel versucht haben, ohne Erfolg. Hostetter's Magenbitter ist ein Specifikum für die Leber, Nieren und den Magen, und ist ein Heilmittel, das Jedermann gebrauchen kann.

The Advantage of Being Small.

Little Willie had been very devoted to a certain pretty young lady at the beach. One day a gentleman came upstairs to the drawing-room of the hotel after dinner, with the young lady on his arm.

"Ah, Willie! You see I have Miss X—— to-day!" said the gentleman.

Little Willie threw both arms around the young lady's neck, and, kissing both her cheeks, exclaimed triumphantly:

"Well, you dasn't do that if you have got her on your arm!"—*Epoch.*

"SOLLEN at morning, silver at noon, and lead at night," is the old saying about eating oranges. But there is something that is eighty named Goldina, and can be taken with benefit at any hour of the day. That is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a really worthy remedy, weighing gold to anyone suffering with scrofulous affections, impurities of the blood, or diseases of the lungs and liver. It is unfailing. By druggists.

An Italian physician who has given close attention to causes and remedies of malaria recommends a decoction of lemon as especially useful. The rind and pulp of a fresh lemon cut in thin slices is boiled in three cupfuls of water in an earthen vessel and boiled down to one cupful, then strained with pressure through linen and set aside over night. The whole is to be drank in the morning before breakfast.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

The Popular Thoroughfare.

The Wisconsin Central Line, although a comparatively new factor in the railroad systems of the Northwest, has acquired and enjoys a popularity. Through careful attention to details, its service is as near perfection as could be looked for. The train attendants seem to regard their trusts as individual property and as a result the public is served by a polite people. The road now runs solid through fast trains between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, and Minneapolis with Pullman's best and unequaled dining cars; it also runs through, solid sleepers between Chicago, Ashland, Duluth, and the famous hunting regions of Northern Wisconsin and Michigan.

Offer No. 173.

FREE!—To MECHANICS ONLY. An elegant silver-plated Water Pitcher, frosted and richly carved; height, 13 inches. All those at once, E. W. TAMALE & Co., 55 State street, Chicago.

$500 Reward.

If you suffer from dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, and putrid; if the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed, and there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice being changed and having a nasal twang; the breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; experience a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough, and general debility, then you are suffering from chronic nasal catarrh. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case at one time, or in one stage of the disease. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive, and dangerous, less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offer, in good faith, $500 reward for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. The remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents.

A PHYSICIAN who has tried living in Albuquerque, New Mexico, considers that it is favored with a climate peculiarly fitted for consumptives. He says that it possesses a dry, pure atmosphere, that there is but little rain and an abundance of sunshine, and that while it is situated 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, it is yet sheltered on the east by a high range of mountains. Furthermore, it has railroad facilities and can provide the necessities and comforts of life.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

For Bronchial, Asthmatic and Pulmonary Complaints, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have remarkable curative properties. *Sold only in boxes.*

THE tobogganists are naturally interested in the question of coast defenses.

How to Gain Flesh and Strength.

Use after each meal Scott's Emulsion with Hypophosphites. It is as palatable as milk, and easily digested. The rapidity with which delicate people improve with its use is wonderful. Use it and try your weight. As a remedy for Consumption, Throat affections, and Bronchitis, it is unequaled. Please read: "I used Scott's Emulsion in a child eight months old with good results. He gained four pounds in a very short time."—IDA PAIN, M. D., Alabama.

IS DEATH'S door opened with a skeleton key?

FOOD makes Blood and Blood makes Beauty. Improper digestion of food necessarily produces bad blood, resulting in a feeling of fullness in the stomach, acidity, heartburn, sick-headache, and other dyspeptic symptoms. A closely confined life causes indigestion, constipation, biliousness, and loss of appetite. To remove these troubles there is no remedy equal to Prickly Ash Bitters. It has been tried and proven to be a specific.

"I'LL be round this way in a minute," as the second hand said to the pendulum.

GET Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners applied to your new boots and shoes before you wear them out.

Purity and Strength

The former in the Blood, and the latter throughout the system, are necessary to the enjoyment of perfect health. The best way to secure both is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which expels all impurities from the blood, restores the kidneys and liver, overcomes that tired feeling, and imparts that freshness to the whole body which makes one feel perfectly well.

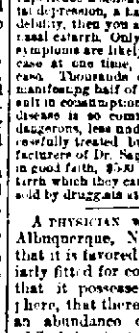
"I have taken not quite a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and must say it is one of the best medicines for giving an appetite, purifying the blood, and regulating the digestive organs that I ever heard of." MRS. N. A. STANLEY, Comet, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS



IT IS A PURELY VEGETABLE PREPARATION CONTAINING PRICKLY ASH BARK AND PRICKLY ASH BERRIES SENNA - MANDRAKE - BUCHU AND OTHER EQUALLY EFFICIENT REMEDIES

Certify Syrup Tolu Bereitet ist ihr Prickly Ash Bitters als ein Universalmittel gegen Malignen bös Chiefs, für Kräftigung der Leber, Galle, Nieren und bös Magens bekannt.

Toujours Bertheilhaft. Gebraucht Prickly Ash Bitters. Sie sind Purgirender Expectorant, und kann Gesundheit und als ein Getrank gebraucht werden, absolutes und heilsames Angenehm Gesundheit Restaurateur für die ganze Familie. Für Unterleibsstörungen, Dyspepsie und alle Leberleiden, Blutreinigung, Appetit und Verdauung, Schwäche, Schlaflosigkeit, Nervosität, Kopfschmerz, Schwindel, Ohnmacht, Nervenschwäche und Leiden jeder Art, alle diese Uebel können und müssen durch Hostetter's Magenbitter geheilt werden, obwohl Aerzte und Quacksalber alle Mittel versucht haben, ohne Erfolg. Hostetter's Magenbitter ist ein Specifikum für die Leber, Nieren und den Magen, und ist ein Heilmittel, das Jedermann gebrauchen kann.

Prickly Ash Bitters Co.
Sole Manufacturers,
St. Louis & Kansas City.

KIDDER'S DIGESTYLIN

A SURE CURE FOR
INDIGESTION and DYSPEPSIA.

Over 5000 Physicians have sent us their approval of DIGESTYLIN, as the best it is the best preparation for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Chronic Constipation, Biliousness, and Dyspepsia where DIGESTYLIN was taken that was not cured.

We have no room to publish a few of these letters.

FOR CHOLERA INFANTUM.

IT WILL CURE THE MOST AGGRAVATED CASES.
IT WILL RELIEVE THE MOST OBSTINATE VOMITING IN PREGNANCY.
IT WILL RELIEVE CONSTIPATION.
IT WILL RELIEVE CHRONIC DIARRHŒA.

For summer complaints it is unequaled. Children which are the direct result of improper digestion. DIGESTYLIN will not fail in any of these cases.

Take DIGESTYLIN for all pains and disorders of the stomach; they are sure to disappear. Ask your druggist for DIGESTYLIN (price $1 per large bottle). If he does not have it, send one dollar to us and we will send a bottle to you, express prepaid. In all cases to send the money. Our house is reliable. Established twenty-five years.

WM. F. KIDDER & CO.,
Manufacturing Chemists, 83 John St., N. Y.

FOR ALL DISORDERS OF THE
Stomach, Liver and Bowels
TAKE
PACIFIC LIVER PILLS
STRICTLY VEGETABLE.

Cure Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Piles, Sick Headache, Liver Complaints, Loss of Appetite, Biliousness, Nervousness, Jaundice, etc. For Sale by all Druggists. Price, 25 Cents.

PACIFIC MANUFACTURING CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

PENSIONS COLLECTED and Increased by Pitzgerald & Dewell, Indianapolis. Old cases reopened. Send for copy of Laws, free.

This represents a healthy life. Throughout its various scenes.

Just such a life as they enjoy Who use the famous Bile Beans.

Smith's BILE BEANS purify the blood, by acting directly and promptly on the Liver, Skin and Kidneys. They consist of a vegetable combination that has no equal in medical science. They cure Constipation, Malaria, and Dyspepsia, and are a safeguard against all forms of fevers, chills and fever, gall stones, and Bright's disease. Send 4 cents postage for a sample package and test the TRUTH of what we say. Price, 25 cents per bottle, mailed to any address, postpaid. BOSS ONE BEAN. Sold by druggists.

The original Photograph, panel size, of this picture sent on receipt of 10c. in stamps. Address BILE BEANS, St. Louis, Mo.

J. P. SMITH & CO., PROPRIETORS, ST. LOUIS, MO.

A MAN

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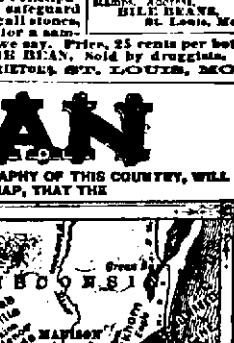

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MISS SUSIE.

BY C. H. RAYMOND.

Do you see that gentle lady,
With the sweet smile on her face,
Talking to that ragged urchin
Standing in the market-place?

Well, sir, she has done more good now
In this wicked little town
Than the teachers, and the preachers,
And all others, I'll be bound.

Why, sir, she's a very angel;
Loved we think even in these parts,
What's her business? Let me see, now
Healing crushed and broken hearts.

Have a clerk, sir? You don't use it?
I've no doubt not that you're right;
I've spent many a dollar on it,
Even when my purse was in light.

That's the curse of all bad habits—
First thing you know you're a slave,
Stranger, a man should be a foolish
As to helping his own grave!

Yes, but what about the story?
There it slipped me memory quite
A strange story! but I trust, sir,
God knows always what is right.

She was just the sweetest lassie
To be seen in all the town—
Rosy cheeks, and sunny ringlets,
And large laughing eyes of brown.

Every one loved dear Miss Susie,
But young Allen most of all;
They, so long affianced lovers,
Would be wedded in the fall.

Swiftly sped the golden summer;
Came the glories autumn days,—
Golden rod and scarlet maple,
Hills all vested in purple haze.

Just the night before the wedding
Allen met a dear old friend;
Would he wed for "auld lang syne" sake—
Just you know where these things tend.

How it happened no one knew, sir,
But they found young Allen dead;
Flesh all torn and hacky mangled,
And a deep gash in his head.

When they told her the sad news, sir,
Oh, it was a fearful night!
Before to-morrow golden ringlets
All were changed to snowy white.

For a time they feared her reason
Would be shaken from its throne,
But at last peace, pure and holy,
Made her trusting heart its own.

Then she went out in the world, sir,
Breathing hope and joy, and love;
Till the listening angels beckon,
Watching now from their home above.

Madison, Wis.

HOW ONE SOLDIER OBEYED ORDERS.

Twenty-two years ago, if you followed the pike out of Winchester, Virginia, going south, you would see on the left-hand side of the road, about sixty rods from the town, a small two-story frame house, standing near the pike, in a barren yard. That house was the scene of a military tragedy such as did not often occur in the armies, and which illustrated in the most striking manner the fidelity of a young recruit to duty, and to the strict military maxim—"obey orders!" Let me tell the story.

It will be best to say at the start that the real names of the principal actors in this episode are suppressed. They are fresh in mind, and could easily be used; but when the account has been read the reasons for withholding them will be perfectly understood. The hero of the adventure was at the time a lad of less than twenty years, a recruit of the Fifteenth Maine Infantry, and had been but six weeks in the service. His share in the events of that night was not only honorable but highly praiseworthy; yet as he may now be, if surviving, the father of a family, possibly a man of wealth and prominence at home, I should not wish, without his consent, to attach his true name to the sketch. We will therefore call him Private Brigham. As for the unhappy victim of the encounter, whose rashness, or worse, led him on to his death, charity to his memory and to the feelings of surviving relatives appeals to me to withhold his name. He will be styled Lieutenant Y——.

The time was April, 1865; it was a few days after the news had reached us of the surrender at Appomattox. I was Judge Advocate of Dwight's Division, which was thrown out about two miles in front of Winchester. Early one morning the field Officer of the Day came riding in to headquarters to report. I stood by and heard what he said to the Adjutant General.

"Everything is all right on the picket line; but I hear of a row that occurred at a house where we have a safeguard, on the pike, back near town. There was a man killed—some say an officer."

I was immediately dispatched to investigate. As I rode up to the house I saw a group of idlers in front. One of them said something about "blood." Dismounting, I stopped long enough outside to see what they were looking at. Sure enough, it was blood; drops of it on the steps and on the ground.

I went in. Two or three women were in the hall, pale as ghosts, and almost hysterical. They all began to talk at once, but I stopped them. I told them who I was, my errand, and that they must tell me the exact truth as to what had happened.

I got their story and then went into the back room. There was Private Brigham, a slender slip of a fellow, about as pale as the women, but looking just like a soldier as he grasped his good Springfield musket with the bayonet fixed.

I had learned enough already to satisfy me where the truth lay, and I talked kindly and assuringly to the young soldier while I took notes of his statement.

"Give it to me just as it happened," I said. "If you have obeyed orders and done your duty, no harm shall come to you."

He told me his story, which perfectly matched that of the women, in a simple and straightforward way. These accounts, I have never doubted, gave the whole truth of the affair.

Before going back to headquarters I went into another room, where something on the floor was covered by a white sheet from a bed. One of the women turned it down. A dead man lay there with a bayonet wound clear through his breast. There were no straps upon the shoulders of his blouse, but I recognized the face at once. It was that of Lieutenant Y——, of the cavalry, whom I had met in Winchester the winter before. He was a wild fellow, much given to drink and dissipation, but of handsome face and fine appearance.

And this was how it happened:

The occupants of the house were a widow and her two grown daughters. They had been annoyed by depredations of some soldiers, to which had been lately added an occasional visit by Lieutenant Y——. He was, or professed to be, in love with one of the girls. Both she and her mother had requested him not to trouble them, and fearing that he would not heed the request, they had asked for a safeguard, which had been furnished the night before in the person of Private Brigham.

To "force a safeguard," in military phrase, is a grave crime. The officer or soldier who would do it would lay himself liable to no less penalty than that of death. The safeguard stands for the protection of peaceable citizens and their property, and has the power of the whole army at his back.

It is doubtful whether Private Brigham, fresh in the service as he was, fully realized this; but he knew what his orders were, and he was determined to obey them. They were to admit no one to the house but an officer on duty.

Some time after dark three horsemen rode up to the door and dismounted. One of them, Lieutenant Y——, opened the door, and was confronted with a bayonet at the end of a musket, in the hands of the resolute safeguard. One of the women held a lamp back in the hall.

What happened did not take two minutes. The officer swore at Brigham, and ordered him to stand back. The soldier told him flatly that he could not enter, and that he would be hurt if he tried it. The officer swore again, was taunted by his companion on side for being kept back by "an infantry toad-stabler," and he made a rush. The soldier put the bayonet straight through him. He must have died instantly; his heart was cloven through. He tumbled to the floor, and Private Brigham stood again on guard. There was more profanity outside, and another man appeared on the steps and attempted to enter. He, too, was warned, but pressed on, and promptly received the bayonet through his arm. He waited for no more, but beat a hasty retreat, was helped on his horse by the orderly, and rode away.

On the report that I made to General Dwight of this affair, I was ordered to defend the soldier whenever he should be brought before a court-martial. I expected to have to do this, and made ready to do it; but the occasion never came. Brigham was never tried, and honorably finished his service. I never knew precisely why no greater stir was made about the matter, but the reasons are not hard to conjecture. The cavalry division in and about Winchester was commanded by General Torbert, the same who lost his life by drowning, a few years since, off the coast of Florida. I have no doubt that he made his own investigation, and became satisfied that the safeguard did exactly the correct thing, and that a court-martial would be a useless form when the facts were so well known. Nothing but reproach to the dead man and his companion could have come from the trial of Private Brigham; so the whole business was wisely dropped.

But I doubt if another instance of such promptness and fidelity to orders can be found in a lad not two months in the army. It is such stuff makes heroes!

EXCESSIVELY HONEST.

BY OLIE P. READ.

Very few negro preachers have abandoned the pulpit on account of the vanities of recent religion or the dishonorable transactions which have been imputed to the cloth. Among the very—we may say solitary—few may be reckoned old Gus Marcus. Mischief-breeders—and they are to be found in nearly every congregation—declared that old Gus gave up the calling which he had so long pursued because his people failed to pay him adequately, but those who had most largely partaken of the old man's rigid casuistry knew that he could no longer associate with co-workers who, while on their way to prayer-meeting, marked with calculating eye the height of the chicken-roost, and who heard, with the keen ear of interest, the turkey's sonorous gobble.

Gus moved to town, rented a small shanty, and opened a vegetable store. He hung up a motto, which, with almost pardonable pleonasm, declared: "Widout no honesty dar ain't no man dat desarves ter prosper," and was explaining it to several members of his former flock when a white man entered, and, after looking around a few moments, said:

"By the way, I left my umbrella in here this morning. It's lying over there. Hand it to me, please."

Gus stared at him.

"I say, hand it to me, please."

"I nuk yere, mister. I doan know yer name but I'se gwine ter be perlite wid yer; so, yes' lemme tell yer ter go on erbout yer bizzness erfairs an' doan' come 'roun' yere prouckin' wid me w'en I'se got erfairs ter 'ten' ter."

"I tell you that I left that umbrella here, and I want it.

"Oh, I knows mighty well w'ut yer tells me. De closest 'quaintances I elber had ain' 'cused me o' bein deef. Oh, yas, I knows w'ut yer says."

"If you don't give me that umbrella I'll go after an officer."

"Dat's one o' de rights o' de Merican citizenship, sah, sot down by the consertution an' fended by de P'reserdent; but dar ain' no clause in de langwidge ter make er pusson gin up de property dat he's dun 'cumerlated. I'se had dat 'brella er long time, sah; longer den yerse'f has been able ter 'dorse fur yerse'f at de banks in dis town. Bought dis 'brella wid some mighty hard-earned money. Go on, mister; go on, fur I'se in er 'scussion wid sum o' mer frien's."

The man hurriedly withdrew. Old Gus continued: "Dat's de way it is. Dat w'ite man, of he had been fotch up right, meut er been er honest pusson, but es it is, he gwine 'roun' de neighborhood tryin' ter cheat folks outen dar rights. I tell yer, dis yere worl' is going ter rack mighty fas'; an de preachers, 'stead o' tryin' ter stop it, 'pear to be smilin' on de 'formance."

The claimant of the umbrella, accompanied by an officer, entered the store.

"Old man," said the officer, "this gentleman claims that umbrella."

"Yas, sah, yas; an' he mout claim de moon, but dat dosn mean dat he gwine git it. It's my 'brella, sah; bought an' paid fur. I kon go an' show yer w'ar I bought it—show yer de very place."

"How long have you had it?"

"'Bout two years."

"Must have kept it well."

"I has, sah. I allus takes kere o' de property dat de Lawd lets me 'cumerlate."

"My name is R. D. Lane," said the claimant. "Hand the umbrella here a moment."

Old Gus began to argue, but the officer seized the umbrella and handed it to the claimant, who, moving a silver aside, disclosed his name.

"Old man," said the officer, "that is sufficient. It is clear that you are a thief."

"Git outen dis house, bof o' yer. Git out. W'en er man comes slippin' 'roun' yere wrilin' his name on my property w'en I ain't lookin', w'y, I ain't got no use fur him. I tell yer w'ut," turning to his friends, "I'll hatter lock up dis yere house tighter. Dat triflin' white pusson will slip in an' write his name on all dese yere cabbages an' cowcumbers. I reckot ef he wuz ter write his name on me w'en I is ersleep he'd take me erway, too. Oh, my dyin' sinner frien's, we all hatter be mighty keerful. It paine me ter say so, but it is er plum' flat-footed fack. Wall, ef ever'body wuz hones' I doan reckon half de folks would know w'ut ter do wid dar spar' time. But it is sad ter think erbout, Brudder John; powerful sad."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Humorous Mistakes.

Schoolmasters, in their daily routine of instruction, receive many curious answers to the plainest questions. Boys who are distinguished for a certain amount of originality, as well as those whose wits are somewhat less acute than the general run, often afford a hearty laugh from a careless blunder or thoughtless reply. And it is sometimes in vain that the teacher strives to keep countenance and look severe at a most ludicrous exposure of ignorance. Especially in Scripture history do these ludicrous mistakes occur, and any one who has read the answers to examination papers on this subject will have come across many instances.

The correction of the Scripture papers of a school to which I had been appointed assistant examiner once fell to my lot. One of the questions asked was:

"Who was John the Baptist, and what was his mission?"

Among other extraordinary answers, I found this:

"He was a stone-hrew'er, and had to mend the roads so that they should be good when Jesus went that way."

Another wrote his reply to the question:

"Who was Matthew?"

"He was a man what kept a public house."

For an account of the resurrection, one boy said:

"Lazarus was in a cave, and his head was wrapt up in a napkin, and he tried to climb a high tree, but could not, because he was a small statue. And when the cock crew he went out and went bitterly."

The ideas of this young gentleman were evidently rather confused.

One day, in a geography lesson, I was wishing to get at the name St. David's Head. But it was a little fellow, and he wanted a lift, so I said, suggestively:

"Well, who killed the giant Goliath?"

For a moment there was a puzzled look on his face, and then, with a sudden inspiration, he exclaimed:

"Oh, I know—Tom Thumb!"

No doubt his mind was better stored with fairy lore than holy writ, and he had confused the story of the Lilliputian Tom Thumb with that of Jack the Giant Killer.

During the same lesson a helping hand was needed to get at the name St. Bee's Head. I proposed:

"What do you call those insects that fly about in summer and make honey?"

"Oh, please, sir, gnats, sir," replied the youngster, heeding only the first part of the question.

On another occasion, when endeavoring to explain the meaning of the term "transient bliss," I had got so far as to call it "passing happiness," when a small boy burst forth with:

"Oh, sir, a kiss."

Evidently he knew too well that kisses soon are past, and while they last are sweet, and with the happy example at his tongue's end, could not contain himself, but had to let the idea have its own way and come out.—*London Exchange.*

LEISURE HOURS states that in Germany the blacksmith, when finishing a horseshoe, punches a hole in the two ends, and when the shoe is cold he taps in a screw thread and screws into the shoe, when on the horse's foot, a sharp-pointed stud of an inch in length, and with shoes thus fitted the horse travels securely over the worst possible road; either when riding or driving draught horses are shod in the same way. When the horse comes to the stable the groom unscrews the pointed stud and screws in a button, so that no danage can happen to the horse, and the screw holes are prevented from filling. When the horse is going out the groom takes out the button and screws in the pointed stud, and there is no fear of the horse coming back with broken knees or strained sinews, and the public are spared the sight of horses down or slipping in all directions.

SCREWS that are too small for separate treatment may be cleaned from rust as follows: Take a pound of screws and place them in a small box—a cigar box will do; put a small quantity of oil on them and shake for a minute; then put a piece of cotton waste in the box and repeat for a minute; finally, put a handful of sawdust in the box and shake for another minute or so, and remove the sawdust by sifting it from the screws in a fine sieve. The screws will come out well cleaned.

GOOSE quills are being converted into a substitute for whalebone at Three Oaks, Mich., by a series of mechanical processes.

COUNT MITKIEWICZ.

Sketch of the Man Who Is Trying to Revolutionize and Civilize China.

The part which Count Mitkiewicz has recently taken in financial and commercial gossip during the spring and summer of 1887, and the colossal proportions of the scheme, of which he represents the head, to provide China with telephones, railways, etc., lend interest to a short account of his life career, which began in Russia, where he was born in the city of Warsaw on Dec. 31, 1820, coming of an old and noble family, members of which have served and held honorary positions under the Russian Government. Count Mitkiewicz came to America in 1864, and after remaining here for a short time returned to Europe, only to repeat his visit to this country again and again. While on one of these visits he became acquainted with a Miss Caroline Lester (daughter of Ralph Lester, a well-known Rochester banker), to whom he was married in the year 1872. This union resulted in the creation of a large family of children, nine in number, when his wife died. His second matrimonial alliance was with an estimable lady (a granddaughter of John Marshall, of Virginia, late Chief Justice of the United States). Taking up his residence in the gay capital of Washington, where he is well known, he launched into various schemes which have been more or less successful. His latest scheme (that of placing telephones in China, with the assistance of the Chinese Government, and backed by a financially substantial Philadelphia syndicate) is the one so much ventilated and stretched into the most absurd colossal dimensions. The result of these schemes time alone can tell, and whether they will be successful or not will be a riddle of the present to be solved in the dim future.

Count Mitkiewicz is of slender figure, with a florid complexion and reddish side whiskers which are always carefully trimmed to stand at right angles with the sides of his face. His nose is of a decidedly Hebrew pattern, and his eyes enlarge and contract catfashion as their owner changes his moods. His nails are as long now as those of a mandarin of the red button. His hands and feet are small. He expresses utter indifference to the newspaper attacks made upon him.

Lost and Found.

Mr. Lee told a very interesting story in connection with the history of the driving park built at Town Bank, about seven miles from Cape May. It was built just after the war by a number of gentlemen who had horses and wanted a place to speed them. As was foreseen, because of the distance from Cape May, people would not go, and the property fell into the unfeeling hands of the Sheriff. It was sold to satisfy a mortgage, and the association bought it in for $15,000, the amount of the mortgage. "Old Bill Millward came down with a check for the amount," continued Mr. Lee, "but the Sheriff would not accept it. He then went to the city and returned two days later with seventeen $1,000 bills in his pocket. He arrived here in the evening, and before going to bed wrapped up his trousers containing his treasure and put it under his pillow. After he had been asleep a short time he was awakened by cries of 'Fire,' and jumping out of bed (he was in the Atlantic Hotel) he saw the United States Hotel in flames. He got to the fire as quickly as he could, and worked until 6 o'clock, when somebody told him his own hotel was nearly burned to the ground. When he arrived there the first person he met was the wife of the proprietor, who said: 'Oh, Mr. Millward, I'm afraid some of the guests will lose valuable property.' For the first time since he went to bed the thought of that money dawned upon him. He had left it under the pillow and had worn another pair of trousers. He hired men for hours to poke around the embers, but no trace could be found. He returned to the city, scraped another $17,000 together, and paid the Sheriff; and years afterward 'Bill' was stopping at the newly built Congress Hall. One evening in the bar-room two colored men had a quarrel. In the midst of it one of them, who was getting the worst of it turned to 'Bill' and said: 'Mr. Millward, you lost $17,000 in the fire, didn't ye? Well, that man got it, and he built a lot of houses in Brooklyn.' As soon as the man had spoken his adversary threw a bottle at his head, which would have killed him instantly had it reached its mark. Investigation proved that the man had spoken the truth, and 'Bill' recovered over $14,000 of his fortune which he thought went up in flames."—*Philadelphia Press.*

A SAN ANTONIO (TEX.) woman publishes the following card in a local paper: "I want the public to distinctly understand that my husband is no negro. My mother was a Creole Frenchwoman and my father a Cherokee Indian, and my husband's mother was a Comanche Indian and his father a German."

IN the cities of Worcester and Fall River, and the town of Somerset, Mass., the Swedish population is rapidly becoming an important element. The immigrants are mostly young girls, who seek employment as house servants.

SANCHO.

BY BOB FORD.

UT away the little collar, that our Sancho used to wear,
For he tackled an express train, and flew up the go den stair.

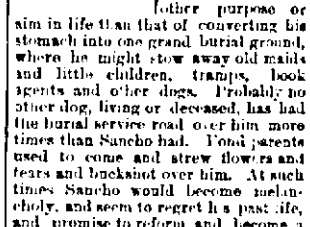
It is with a sad heart and stub pen that we chronicle the death of our little pet, Sancho. Sancho was a white bull purp, with black spots and bow legs, a deceptive smile, and with no other purpose or aim in life than that of converting his stomach into one grand burial ground, where he might stow away old maids and little children, tramps, book agents and other dogs. Probably no other dog, living or deceased, has had the burial service read over him more times than Sancho had. Fond parents used to come and strew flowers and fears and buckshot over him. At such times Sancho would become melancholy, and seem to regret his past life, and promise to reform and become a vegetarian and a church member, and live like other people.

But Sancho was changeable and lacked stability of character, and when a nice ripe look agent would come gently meandering along with a sweet smile and a county directory Sancho's abnormal desire for funerals would rise predominant. He would forget his good resolutions, and in time people would forget the book agent and cease to mourn his continued absence. A rich banker who had reasons for believing that his youngest son was peacefully sleeping somewhere under the tall, waxy periosteum of Sancho's stomach, wanted to erect a costly tombstone on him. But I fear it that it might make Sancho proud and haughty, and that people with less means would want to do likewise, so I refused him, and the rich banker went away sad and disheartened, and committed suicide by taking "Hough on Rats" and dog buttons.

Sancho usually showed great sagacity concerning the class of people that he buried under his vest. But one day he made a mistake that nearly proved fatal. In an insane moment he rashly deposited a Western editor and a spring poet under the same dark sod that grew in luxuriant patches along his spinal column. He saw his mistake, but it was too late. From that day he drooped, and faded, and no longer resented flees. All day he would sit with his chin resting on his hands, thinking of his past life. I tried to rouse him from his reverie by telling him that by-and-by the editor would settle the poet, but he only shook his head and smiled sadly.

For two months he languished thus and seemed to take no interest in attaching himself to the bosom of my pants when I came home late at night. I grieved o'er this, and he noticed it, and tried to brace up. That evening he prepared a gentle surprise for me, and after we had raced gleefully around the house two or three times, my wife opened a window and I crawled in, dragging Sancho after me. I was glad to see his spirits so revived, but for two weeks afterwards when I rested, I used a chair with the bottom busted out.

Sancho was not pretty. His under jaw reached out too much like a woven-wire bustle for that, and he toed in. His elbows were too prominent, and his eyes were not large and dreamy.



Some people thought his nose was too retrousse, or something, and too much attached to his face. But what he lacked in facial beauty, he made up in physical splendor. He was broad-shouldered and deep-chested, and he disdained to wear liver pads or spring-bottom pants. He died on the morning of May 17, 1887, in the second year of his life. We were gently meandering down the boulevard, and Sancho was feeling unusually gay. Just as we came to the railroad crossing the morning express came prancing along, with its head down, and tail up, like a Texas steer out for a picnic. The attitude of the express was, to say the least, quite formidable, and immediately aroused Sancho's ire, and he spit on his hands and went for that engine like a hired man at his hash. I never was able to tell which struck the first blow, for when I had hired a horse and carriage and arrived at the place where Sancho lit he was breathing his last, and didn't have time to enter into any particulars. He looked sad and disappointed, as though he was trying to recall something he had, in his hurry, forgotten. I held his hand until he died, and then closed his eyes and wiped the death dew and engine grease from his brow; and the tears that would not be suppressed flowed gently down my gingham vest, as Sancho crossed o'er the divide.

THE style or point of bone or metal which was used for writing on tables coated with wax gave place to the reed, pointed and split, and used as a pen with some colored liquids. The use of quills followed, the first to employ the latter, so far as we have any record, being Isidore, who died in 636. Steel pens made their appearance early in the present century, and for the idea to which they owe their existence we are indebted to William Gadbury, a mathematical-instrument maker, who constructed a pen from two pieces of steel watch spring.

Wrexham.

Taking a more direct way to ancient Chester we pass Ruabon, a great coal mining district, where the pleasant, abrupt scenery of the old red sandstone is almost effaced by the smoke of collieries and factories, and then arrive at Wrexham. Hereabouts Wales seems to have expanded since the days of the Heptarchy, to have crossed Offa's Dyke and then taken possession of the country beyond. The origin of Wrexham is indeed a puzzle. The Saxons called it Wrightesham. But who were the Wrights? They were iron and steel wrights apparently, for Wrexham was noted for its armorsmiths down to the time when armor ceased to be worn. But these Wrights were not Saxons, it is evident, nor were they probably Welsh. We may guess that they were refugees from the burnt and plundered city of Uriconium. Bolters have superseded bucklers, and still Wrexham has a mechanical turn; it is the workshop of Wales as of old, and its rich church and ornate tower testify to the wealth which rewarded its labors in other days, while its busy streets and neat public buildings are a sign of its present prosperity. The church tower of Wrexham is one of the Seven Wonders of Wales, according to the somewhat puerile conceit of the age which invented the Seven Champions of Christendom and other marvels. A second wonder was the ring of bells of Gresford, whose sweet chimes may still be heard as we pursue the way toward Chester. Some famous cross of old times, a Calvary installed upon the meeting of the roads, got the name in Welsh of Croesyrforddd, or the Cross of the Highways, and this was turned by Saxon tongues into Gresaford.

Hereabouts is Wynnstay, which used to be Wattstay, or Wattstowe, perhaps, for Watt's Dyke runs through the great park; the dyke being an intrenchment of unknown antiquity, which runs in a parallel direction with the dyke known as Offa's, the space between the two having been once, it is said, neutral ground, where Welsh and English met and traficked. Beyond Gresford there is a sudden break, the final edge of the wild hill country, and the fertile plain of Cheshire stretches before us, a wide grassy ocean, of which this is the shore.

Further inland, crossing by lonely roads among the hills, and following in the main the old Roman track, we may reach Hope, which was once Queen Hope, a name that carries a story with it. For here was Queen Eleanor's own castle, and here she rested for a night on her way to Caernarvon, to give birth to England's hope—a hope much falsified by the event.—*All the Year Round.*

West Point.

North and east the Point is hemmed in by the mighty river, west and south by the rock-ribbed highlands. The plateau, little by little, has been leveled and graded, until today it is a broad, beautiful, grass-grown plain, bounded on the west by the cozy homes of officers and professors, on the south by the stately barracks, the grim, old-fashioned "Academic," the Grecian chapel, and the domed turrets of the library. Striking the precipitous river-banks, a broad, graded road incloses the plateau on the north and east, and others, as level and carefully kept, border it on the west and south, and nearly bisect it along the meridian. Covered with well-cropped turf, the western half of the "plain" is devoted to infantry drills; the batteries and the crunching hoofs of the horses are limited to the gravel of the eastern half. All around are the rocky heights, trimmed with pine, fir and cedar, with here and there a peep at the stony parapet of some old redoubt or battery thrown up in the days of the Revolution. The square-built hostelry, once and for years known as Roe's, stands perched at the northeast limit of the plain. Statues in bronze or marble gleam here and there amid the foliage, and tell of deeds of heroism and devotion on the part of the sons of the old academy. The tall white staff glistens against the dark background of the highlands, and throws to the breeze, high over all, the brilliant colors of the stars and stripes; and on the easternmost edge of the broad plateau lies the camp ground, the summer home of the corps of cadets. Laid out in mathematical regularity, with well graveled pathways, sentry posts, and "color-line," and shaded by beautiful trees, the encampment, like everything else at West Point, is so exquisitely trim and neat as to have little resemblance to the "tented field" as seen in actual service on the frontier. The white tents gleam in accurate ranks that look as though they were pitched by aid of the "straight-edge" rule.

The Gamin's Estimate.

A placard appeared in the window of a large hardware store on Washington street, which bore upon its snow white surface in black letters the legend, "Boy wanted." In answer to this call for help a veritable street arab went into the store, and going up to the junior member of the firm said:

"I came to see about that job."

"Well," said the proprietor, looking the little ragamuffin over from head to foot, "you know, we don't pay much here, and besides that, if you came to work in a nice store like this, you would have to dress better."

"Oh, yes, I know that," responded the gamin, "but how much do yer pay?"

"Two dollars a week," returned the proprietor.

"Oh, I couldn't think of workin' for that," said the gamin, "for I can make more every week now."

"Well," said the proprietor, "I did not think you could, but when I first went to work I only got $1.50 a week."

The arab sized the speaker up from head to foot, and then giving his head a toss and edging toward the door, he said:

"Well, perhaps that was all you was worth."—*Boston Globe.*

THE curled mustache has a smart appearance, but the mustache cannot look up when it is downed.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

TRUE friends visit us in prosperity only when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation.

WHAT A

PRETTY

THING A

Moquette Carpet

Is! How soft! how rich! how elegant! This don't express it half enough—beautiful cororings, lovely patterns!

BUT THE WAS **PRICE**

the stunner to the majority.

Monday-:-Morning

IS YOUR

CHANCE

FOR A RICH

Moquette-:-Carpet

Don't you let it slip. On that day we commence the sale of

1,500 -:- YARDS

Of Moquette Carpets at the low price of

$1.15 -:- PER -.- YARD !

Several different patterns, every one a rich gem.

Cover Your Floor

At this price with a

Moquette -:- Carpet

There is a big lot, but mind you be in time.

Root & Company.

Lunch baskets, work baskets, sewing stands etc. See the new line at

JAS. M. KANE'S.

Boston T Store.

Spring chickens dressed to order.
Home grown vegetables every morning.
Bananas, oranges and all kinds of fruits.
Boneless chicken and turkey.
Deviled meats, ham, chicken, tongue &c.
Chase and samborn coffees.
Goods delivered to any part of the city.
Prompt attention given to orders by telephone No. 152.

A. J. DITTO & CO.
20 W. Berry St.

TEAS ! TEAS!

Oolong, Black, very fine.
Young Hyson, very fine.
Japan, strickly uncolored.
English Breakfast.

COFFEES !

Old Government Java.
Mocha.
Maracaibo.
Costa Rica.
Rio.
Roasted fresh everyday.

Pyke's Grocery,

80 Calhoun Street.

Aug. 15-17

Albums, Smoking sets, wine sets, scrap books, satchels, plush comb and brush sets, etc. New holidays goods at

JAS. M. KANE'S.

Use KLEIN'S SILVER AGE.

The Best stimulant in the world. Endorsed by physicians and druggists.

Used in leading hospitals. Max Klein, sole proprietor, Pittsburg, Pa. Sold wholesale and retail by

John Christen, 100 Calhoun Street, Fort Wayne.

Our stock of Underwear is simply immense, and the man who can't find what he wants in our present almost limitless gathering must certainly be a very eccentric cus-tomer.
Cartwright & Warner's English, in Scarlet and White.
Morley's English Cashmere Underwear.
Brettle's English Balbrigan Underwear.
Meddlecott & Co.'s White and Gray Scotch Wool.
American Hosiery Co.'s Cashmere and Merino.
Norfolk and New Brunswick Co.'s Cashmere and Wool Underwear.
You see that our grand stock is composed of the best makers' goods, and, as we buy in immense quantities directly from them, it goes without saying that we name the lowest prices quoted in Fort Wayne for strictly finest plain and fancy Underwear.
Warm and stylish Woolen Shirts.
Everything in Cardigan (knit) Jackets.
Elegant Jersey Jackets, in colors.
Strictly One Price.

SAM, PETE & MAX,
Gents' Outfitters and Clothiers.

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, OCT. 29, 1887.

THE CITY NEWS.

There was a large market this morning.

Mr. T. P. Keator was at Lafayette yesterday.

The Ohio election occurs a week from next Tuesday.

The Wabash company is short of freight crews.

The "Hilarity" company is doing Huntington and Warsaw.

Mr. Ed. White, of this city, was a recent visitor at Lima, Ohio.

Capt. A. H. Dougall was a guest of Colonel Briant, at Huntington, yesterday.

The Turners are making preparations for a grand ball to be given on Thanksgiving evening.

The Business Men's exchange will meet Monday night to discuss the natural gas question.

Mrs. Wiley, mother of County Surveyor O. B. Wiley, has returned from a visit to relatives at St. Louis.

Supt. P. S. O'Rourke says the Grand Rapids railroad company will erect a new depot at Rome City in the spring.

P. T. Barnum says the day of the circus clown has passed and that no such individual will accompany his show next season.

Robert Sutton the well known Michigan City excursion agent, has purchased the Delphi *Journal*, and will settle down to a staid newspaper life.

Alf. Langley, with McCracken & Co., railroad contractors, is in the city, on his way from Louisville, Ky., to Muskegon, Mich., to locate for the winter. Mrs. Langley is with him.

Mr. Jacob Meyers, of No. 6 Force street, has opened his saloon and dancing hall and last night he gave a full dress reception at the resort, which is popularly styled, "The Hole in the Wall."

THE SENTINEL youth is under obligations to Capt. Hugh M. Diehl for keys to the police alarm boxes. This gives the newspaper man some protection against a mob and the policemen, too, can poke fun at him.

Captain Diehl read THE SENTINEL'S account of the testing of the police alarm system to the gay revelers last night at the station house. Officer Sheridan could not ensconse his laughter and had to go out several times.

Henry Hohmann celebrated the nineteenth anniversary of his birth Thursday, and in the evening a surprise party was given in honor of the event at his home. His friends made Henry a present of a doll, which he appreciates highly.

At Marion $10,000 was subscribed and paid for a glass works, which was established there. One batch of glass was made and the property passed into the hands of the firm who received $10,000. This firm then sold the plant for $5,000 and left the city.

There were fifteen names secured to the temperance pledge at the meeting last night at the Christian church and five more, who have freely indulged in strong drink promised to sign in a few days. There will be a temperance meeting to-night again. Remember the place, Christian church, corner of Griffith and Jefferson streets. There will be able speakers for every night next week. Come out to-night and give whisky battle.

The Logansport *Pharos* says: "Miss Clara Wefel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Wefel, of the west side, was married last evening to Prof. Frederick A. Klein, principal of the German Lutheran college at Fort Wayne. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Jox at the German Lutheran church, the audience room being filled to its capacity with friends of the couple. Afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Klein were tendered a reception at the home of the bride's parents on the west side. They left on the early train this morning for Fort Wayne, where the groom has already prepared a handsomely furnished home for their use. The professor was formerly a resident of this city, and is a young man of sterling character. The bride is a popular and estimable young lady, possessed of the qualities to make a devoted and excellent wife. The couple have the best wishes of a host of friends in Logansport."

Mr. J. H. Bass came home from Chicago last night.

Inspector Iten to-day finished water works extensions for the season.

Wilding & Son put forty tons of coal into Root & Co's. cellar last night.

Public contractors, sewer builders, plumbers and such are now required to give a bond to the city.

Four lives were lost on the Nickel Plate line of road on Friday and Saturday last, at Cleveland and in the vicinity.

A fire was raging in the prairie west of town last night. The soil burns like paper since the Little River ditch drained it.

Thomas Glenn, a conductor on the Pittsburg, will shortly leave with his family for California, where they will spend the winter.

The Standard club is negotiating for the purchase of a piano for their new hall and will probably select a Henry F. Miller instrument.

"Our Irish Visitors" played to a crowded house last night, at the Temple, and their nonsense kept everyone in a roar of laughter. The support is not so good.

J. T. Nichols, of Adams township, has been appointed fireman at the county jail. He is paid $30 a month, and the commissioners gave the position to the lowest bidder.

The clerks in the various departments of the Pittsburg shops are busily engaged in making out their monthly accounts, which must be in Clerk Tom Meegan's office to-night.

J. D. Cooke, the Toledo water works engineer, has written a letter to Mayor Day, of Huntington, in which he gives the probable cost for a system of water works for that city at $125,000.

This is collection day for the cigar dealers and, by the way, they have had a phenomenally prosperous season. It is probable that every shop can retain their present force through the winter.

Josiah Johnson, step-father of Mrs. Charles Metheney, asks Sheriff Viberg to investigate the matter of Mrs. Metheney's mysterious disappearance. It was aired in THE SENTINEL a few evening's ago.

H. F. Charles Stellhorn qualified as coroner of Allen county, yesterday, by filing a bond in the sum of $5,000. His sureties are Fred and J. Henry Stellhorn. The new coroner will succeed Dr. Dinnen November 12.

The pilot of the locomotive hauling the south-bound passenger train on the Lake Shore picked up a hunting dog at the bridge over Spy Run and carried the animal almost uninjured to the depot, where Agent Philley cared for it.

The Portland *Commercial* says: "Judge L. M. Ninde, of Fort Wayne, was in town last week, and purchased the fine cut-under surry of Wes. Greenawalt, that took the premium at the county fair. Mr. Ninde was a Jay county boy."

Clarence, the eight-year-old son of Dr. Clarence Swift, of Maysville, was thrown from a pony at Wichita, Kas., Thursday and instantly killed. The boy was a nephew of Frank Alderman of this city and was visiting in the west with his mother.

In railroad circles there is a general desire to do away with the stove in coaches, and the presidents and general managers show a disposition so to do as soon as a practical substitute is discovered and all appear to be looking to steam to solve the problem of heating coaches.

The St. Mary's church fair had another pleasant assembly last night. The contest for the beautiful Oliver chilled plow to the most popular young farmer, closed last night, Mr. John Gebhart, of Wayne township, being the victor. The contest between the old settlers is still on and to-night the church will be crowded.

The Corruna *Headlight* says: "The Forty-fourth regiment Inniana volunteers, held their ninth annual reunion at Waterloo on the 20th. The Forty-fourth was organized at camp Allen, Fort Wayne, and recruited from the counties of DeKalb, Lagrange, Steuben, Elkhart, Noble, Whitley and Allen. One hundred and sixty-seven members reported and a good time was had. Capt. J. B. White, congressman elect, was a prominent figure of the occasion."

Miss Grace L. Robertson, in charge of an Indian boarding school at Nuyaka Mission, Indian Territory, will address a meeting of ladies in the lecture room of the First Presbyterian church Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Miss Robertson is a charming speaker and able to give much information concerning the work among the Indians, having spent nearly all her life among them. Her mother is the venerable Mrs. Robertson, who has just completed the translation of the Greek New Testament into the Creek language, while her father was a life-long and devoted worker among the Indian tribes. All ladies are cordially invited to attend the meeting. Miss Robertson will be the guest of Westminster Seminary and will address its pupils Monday morning.

The Ligonier *Banner* says: "Yesterday Rev. Samuel Straus and his most estimable family departed for their new home at Fort Wayne, after a sojourn in Ligonier for the past thirteen years. With these people the most sincere respect and well wishes of our whole people go, and there will ever remain a kindly remembrance of their many good qualities. During Rabbi Straus' stay here he has been the recipient of many testimonials of esteem, among them we remember the celebration of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Straus. The presentation of a beautiful gold-headed cane at a late birthday. A few evenings since the ladies of the congregation presented the worthy gentleman with a fine gold watch as an evidence of their regard. We wish Mr. S. and his family a prosperous future."

"There's no terror, headache, in your threats,"
For I am armed so strong with remedy
That I pass pain by, as an idle word,
Which I respect not since the discovery of Salvation Oil. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

John W. Krick and Maggie Sherwood have been licensed to wed.

Joseph S. France was arrested to-day for assaulting Louis Bunch.

John Hills et al. sue Joseph C. Didier et al. for $800 on note. Morris & Barrett are attorneys.

Col. F. N. Kollock is not connected with the soldiers' reunion committee organized the other night.

Miss Kittie Fay, a charming young lady and a belle in Indianapolis society, is the guest of Mrs. Tony Trentman.

Fred Marquardt, of Monroeville, was held for surety of the peace to-day. Jacob Marquardt filed the complaint.

Fred Jenny, son of the giant powder man, was fined by Justice France to-day for breaking Charley Aufrecht's sign.

Col. Wm R. Nelson, wife and child, of Kansas City, are guests of the Aveline house. Mr. Nelson is warmly welcomed to his old home.

Ditch Commissioner Ed Ely sues A. C. Trentman to collect a lien on his land along the line of the Little River ditch. T. E. Ellison is attorney for Mr. Ely.

"Hilarity," all the word implies, will be at the Academy three nights, commencing Monday, October 31st. This company is one of the best on the road.

Judge O'Rourke, Charles McCulloch, Fred C. Boltz, Ed Ely, W. H. Goshorn, T. E. Ellison, Henry Paul and Harry Metzgar paid a visit to the Little River ditch yesterday afternoon.

Julius Cahn was in the city last night and met his old time friends. Julius is in advance of a great show, "Held by the Enemy." He did not tarry long enough to let the general public discover his whereabouts.

Supt. S. Steffens, of the Lima schools, was in the city to-day looking into our water works system. Clerk Pat McDonald showed him the mysteries of the department and Trustee Kunkle introduced Mr. Steffens.

The Monroeville bear case is at a standstill. Henry Miller and Marshal Stevenson refuse to testify and Mr. Bolyard denies any connection with the shooting. The depositions were taken in Hon. W. G. Colerick's office.

Mr and Mrs. S. E. Morse and their pretty little daughter are guests of Hon. and Mrs. R. C. Bell. Mr. Morse is now a real estate broker and capitalist at Kansas City and frowns on ordinary newspaper men. THE SENTINEL is always glad to welcome Mr. Morse to Fort Wayne.

Several of our leading citizens who are interested have inquired into the reputation and practice of the London specialist, and are satisfied that he is a man of great ability, and everyway reliable. His peculiar method of reading patients without questioning seems to puzzle everyone.

Mr. J. P. Duffy, wife and sister, of Chicago, are in the city. The ladies are guests of Sister Mary Angelina, who is a sister of Mr. and Miss Duffy, at St. Augustine's Academy. Mr. Duffy is a guest of the Rich hotel. He is a prominent citizen of Chicago, being at present superintendent of parks.

Judge O'Rourke recently presided at a boodle trial at Portland, Ind. J. W. Headington charged that the commissioners awarded bridge contracts to the Canton Bridge company. Their bill aggregated $5,694.62. The jury cut the claim down $1,226.62 and the Muncie Bridge company helped them to do it.

The lecture on Ireland announced for Friday evening, Nov. 4, promises to be one of rare eloquence and great beauty. The present state of Irish political affairs adds interest to any discourse of this nature, and the reputation Mr. French bears throughout the east should win for him in Fort Wayne a cultured and enthusiastic audience. First of the ladies subscription course. Do not fail to hear it.

"The moon of Mahomet arose, and it shall set," says Shelley; but if you will set a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in some handy place you will have a quick cure for croup, coughs and colds, when your children are troubled with them.

Country Mills Flour.
Churnbusco mills flour, $3.75 bbl.
Michigan potatoes, 90 bushel.
Jersey Sweet Potatoes, peck 30c.
FRUIT HOUSE.

BIG STRIKE.

At Ward's Cheap Crockery Store.

Best Iron Stone China dinner plates, 70c per dozen.
Best Iron Stone China cups and saucers 70c per dozen.
Best Iron Stone China bowl and pitcher 75c.
Best Iron Stone China covered chambers 60c.
Good lamp chimneys 3c each.
Decorated chamber sets $1.
Bargains in glass ware at half price.
Hanging Lamps $2.50 each.
Fifty-six Peirces Tea Set, $3.50
Silver Plated Casters, Tea Sets, Butter and Pickle Dishes, 1847 Roger Bro's Knives, Forks and Spoons.
dkwlt

New cider, nice and sweet, 15c gallon.
FRUIT HOUSE.

The London specialist's offices parlors, 32 East Wayne street, begin to look like the entrance to women's right convention From twenty to forty a day are calling on the doctor. ocdlt.

Treasurer's Notice.

The county treasurer's office will be open every night next week and up to the 7th of November, to receive taxes. No taxes will be taken after November 7th. ISAAC MOWARR,
County Treasurer.

Ladies, Remember,

You can buy anything you want in corsets, gloves, hosiery, bustles, handkerchiefs, yarns, underwear cheaper than anywhere in the city at Knabe's Bazaar, 166 Calhoun street. 23-21

There was no police court this morning.

Smoked Shoulders Down.
Sugar Cured Shoulders 7c pound.
FRUIT HOUSE.

Mr. B. D. Angell has returned from Buffalo, N. Y.

Rev. P. H. K. McComb and family are visiting relatives in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wilding are rejoicing over the birth of a sweet girl baby.

Albert Cothrell has been discharged from the state insane asylum as incurable.

Lorenzo Campbell has resigned his position as clerk of the Pittsburg blacksmith shop.

W. B. Sale, representing the P. Cox Shoe Manufacturing Co., of Rochester, N. Y., is in the city.

The "Argonants of '49" gave a matinee at the Academy this afternoon and play again to-night.

Barney & Erick sue Grant Waters to recover $150. W. H. Shambaugh is attorney for the claimants.

Herman Wolf concluded to plead guilty to the charge of selling diseased meat and it cost him $24.80.

James Albert, son of George and Jennie Wicks, died October 26. Funeral will be from the house, 158 Calhoun street, Sunday at 2 o'clock. Friends of the family invited without further notice.

THERE IS MORE PLEASURE IN GIVING,

Than In Receiving. That is Why we are so Happy. Our Daily Roll of Honor.

Read the list of patrons presented with the following valuable and useful gifts.

L. W. Baker, 31 Derry street; a fine American watch.

E. Richter, Wayne township; J. Mann; 337 Hanna street; A. M. Lewis, Bloomingdale; T. J. Brown, 4 Bass street, each a first class mantel clock.

Lorenz Ebener, 144 East Lewis street, a serviceable overcoat.

Henry Utrecht, 102 Smith street; Mrs. C. Flack, 315 South Harrison street; A. Moritz, 45 West Main street; H. W. Hursh, Hursh P. O. each a set of silver soup spoons.

Chris. Miller, 61 Wells street; C. D. Eastwood, Robinson house; H. Schwartz, Orphan's Home; S. Lunn, 81 Holman street; Fred Smith, South Hanna street, each a set of silver knives.

George Kreig, 111 Wells street; H. Baatz, Goshen road, Wm. Hahn, 232 West Main street, each a fine seal fur cap.

John Kling, foreman of soap factory; Jerry School, Churubusco, Ind.; A. Hockemeyer, Adams township, each a luscious sugar cured ham.

John C. Decker, of Aboite township, accepted the $100 Grand Parlor Organ.

Henry Trone, No. 5 Pearl street, rode away with the $150 Custom Made Buggy.

James Dalman, Nine Mile P. O., Ind., carred off the $75 Olds Wagon.

If you are looking for the largest stock; the best styles, the lowest prices of custom made clothing, furnishing goods, hats, caps, etc., call on Sam, Pete & Max, strictly one price.

A Foster.

The merchant tailor at 15 West Wayne street is headquarters for fall and winter suitings. The fine imported fabrics and superior make up is well worth your patronage. 27 tf

C. M. DAWSON,

Attorney at Law !

Rooms 5 and 6 Bank block. General legal business, commercial and criminal law specialties.
Agent "Bradstreets."

Toys, Toys, Toys. Complete Christmas assortment now displayed at

JAS. M. KANE'S

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the nasal passages, allays pain and inflammation, heals the sores, restores the senses of taste and smell.

TRY THE CURE

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. Circulars free. ELY BROTHERS, 235 Greenwich St., N.Y.

COOKING SCHOOL.

Eight Lessons in Cookery by Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, at the First Presbyterian Church.

Wednesday, November 2—Vienna bread, Graham bread, Twist, French rols, Sticks.
Thursday, November 3—Soup stock, Mulligatawny soup, Gumbo soup.
Friday, November 4—Chicken salad, Shrimp salad, Potato salad, Celery salad, Cabbage salad.
Saturday, November 5.—Frying.—Chicken, Potatoes, Mush, Tripe.
Tuesday, November 8—Roasting.—Meats, Poultry, Fish.
Wednesday, November 9—Broiling.—Meats, Chicken, Fish.
Thursday, November 10—Entrees.—Scolloped oysters, Deviled crab, Picnic eggs.
Friday, November 11—Pies and Oyster patties.
Lessons commence at 2:30 p. m. each day.
TERMS.—Eight lessons, $1.00; four lessons, $2,50; one lesson, 75c.
Each lady will please bring a teaspoon and Napkin to the lessons.
The flour used in these lessons is Henry W. Bond's patent, Laurel, Minnesota flour.
Tickets can be procured at W. H. Pyke's, Dittoe & Co.'s and Bond's Flour depot, 41 Harrison street.

Good Things Grow in Favor

Several years of active service have substantiated our claim that

Garland Ranges

—AND—

BASE HEATERS

Are far superior to any ever produced. The handsomest, simplest and best ventilating stoves in the market. Their construction is so simple they cannot fail to operate. They are manufactured of the best pig iron. They have a world wide reputation for durability. Prices to suit all. Give us a call and be convinced.

H. J. ASH,

The Mammoth Cheap Store,

9 E. Columbia St.

WANTED.

WANTED.—A bright intelligent lady or gentleman to call on Board of Education and teachers in Northern Indiana, employment pleasant and profitable. Best of reference given as to respectability of work. Address through Postoffice for two days, stating age, occupation and reference, C. W. Hagar. 19-21

WANTED.—A good boy to work about the house and attend to horse and cow. Call at Sentinel office. 24tf

FOR SALE.

MONEY TO LOAN on real estate security, reasonable interest. Inquire of R. L. Bomy, 62 Calhoun street. 6dwtf.

FOR SALE.—Choice lots on Harrison and Wetzler streets and Creighton avenue in the Williams addition. Inquire of any real estate agent or at the office corner Berry and Clinton street, opposite new government building. 24f

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT.—Nicely furnished front room at No. 81 West Washington street. Enquire at residence. 24tf

FOR RENT.—A brick house with eight rooms and basement. Good barn for three horses Water and gas all through the house. A good location for a physician. 124 E. Main street. Enquire of J. B. Dickerson, No. 18 LaFayette. 7tf

If you want to buy

FINE CLOTHING !

Go direct to the only manufacturer,

J. G. THIEME & BROTHER

Who make all their "ready-made" clothing, and which are better made and better trimmed than any eastern made clothing sold in the city. They also carry a large stock for

CUSTOM WORK!

A Suit From $25 Upward.

Nos. 37 and 39 Columbia Stseet